Week ending Dec. 19 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The challenge that faces the Western Summit leaders this week

DARE WE DISARM?

TOO MANY GHOSTS: *A new novel to chill your spine and baffle your brains* **by PAUL GALLICO**

JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
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The Cover

WELL, here's one test she's failed before she's started—she just can't keep away from a mirror. And if they hang about in this mobile boudoir much more, there'll be marks lost for parking too long. Anywhere else this unpromising candidate for the open road would be irresistible, but driving examiners must remain impartial—even to the point of boredom. "Yes, she's ignoring an important danger signal," says artist Laurent. "That look on his face . . ."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Choose Your Bonus

I WORK for a firm which each year gives every employee a fairly substantial Christmas bonus. But over the years the cost of this gift has gone up, until the firm was faced with either cutting out the bonus altogether—or making it such a small sum that it wouldn't really mean much.

Instead we've hit on a great new scheme. Employees now have a choice—they can either have the money (a week's wages) or three extra days off work.

About half of us prefer longer with our families; the others would rather have the money.

The element of choice makes this Christmas gift a more personal thing—and it also saves the firm a considerable amount of money.—A. E. SMITH, Bristol.

Those Wary Deer

Having lived for several years close to a famous haunt of the red deer, I have discovered that, timid and suspicious as these animals are, many come right up to our door, each evening, summer and winter, to collect crusts and scraps that I put out for them.

They will start barking and stamping if there's no food left out for them.

Their uncanny presentiment of danger impresses me most. Ordinary visitors in the house do not frighten them off—but let there be a gamekeeper or a poacher around and not a single deer will be seen.—MISS A. M. FRASER, Rannoch Station, Perthshire.

Vive La Punctualité!

Recently travelling through France we found that the trains left and arrived at the very second at which they were supposed to.

Yet from London we got a train to Manchester which arrived two and a half hours late.

How is it possible for a train travelling a distance of two hundred miles to be that much late when others can travel huge distances and arrive exactly on time?—MISS C. M. PANTELIS, Charlestown Road, Manchester, 9.

"It's certainly true that by and large French trains run to time," says a spokesman of French Railways. "There are various reasons for this.

"Everybody employed on the railways takes a great pride in getting trains in and out on time. Bonuses are paid for making up lost time.

"There is also a very modern system of traffic control and signalling, and, of course, a great deal of electrification."

Hooks Of Holland

While on holiday in Holland this summer I noticed that every house had a very large strong hook screwed into the outside wall, just below the roof.

I wondered if this was some sort of escape gadget for fires, like those in Sweden which a reader saw ("Free Speech," November 21).

I was told that they were used to hoist furniture up to the higher floors, as Dutch stairways are generally too steep and narrow to allow furniture to be carried upstairs.—MRS. IVY ROSS, Whitefriars Crescent, Westcliff on Sea, Essex.

Dressed To Shop

When my friend goes shopping she puts on her oldest clothes. She considers that she gets charged less by tradesmen this way.

On the other hand I find I only have to put on my fur coat to get superb service, with the best of

everything offered to me. It gives me the confidence to check weights, query prices and demand exactly what I want.—MRS. MYRTLE MURISON, Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen.

Moving Houses

It was interesting to observe that even the M.1 highway had the old subsidence trouble. Builders of houses still tell purchasers that cracks and other troubles are merely the "settling down" symptoms.

Surely it should be possible now to carry out tests which would ensure that any site will be free from subsidence.—H. DALBY, York Crescent, Aldershot, Hants.

"For years we have advocated the use of short bored piling for houses," says a Building Research Station spokesman. "These piles go down about eight feet, and will prevent subsidence, even on clay sites.

"Many local authorities are beginning to adopt this system but, while most builders still think they save money by the old shallow foundations, we think that many are realizing that this is a shortsighted policy."

Keep It Quiet

I must correct Muriel Beadle (JOHN BULL, November 21) on two points; civics is taught in many schools in England. I teach it in one secondary modern school where a thorough grounding in local and national citizenship is given.

The other is on this matter of discipline. American "freedom" methods have been tried in this country and found wanting. Most girls and boys prefer a quieter, if more authoritarian, atmosphere in which they can really get on, to a rowdy free for all in which little formal learning or social training can be given.—S. G. JACOBI, Oxted, Surrey.

NEXT WEEK
JOHN BULL
will be on sale on
TUESDAY
December 22

Largely Polite

As a motorist with many years' driving experience, I have reached the conclusion that the bigger the vehicle on the road, the more careful and courteous the driver tends to be. The smaller and more vulnerable the vehicle, the more careless and thoughtless the driver.

My safe-driving "league table" would be: heavy lorries, buses, motor-cars, motor-cyclist, cyclist. I'm afraid one vehicle spoils my table—the taxi. I can't bring myself to put them anywhere but at the bottom.—W. S., London, N.13.

Kids Only

Surely British Railways can afford to have special coaches for children. All that is needed is a coach, similar to a luggage van, but with a few seats round the sides, and a clean floor in the middle. This would save parents' energy and other passengers' nerves.—A. COTTON, Cranleigh, Surrey.

"This idea has been considered from time to time, but it's always

been considered impracticable," says British Railways. "Much of the time these children-only coaches would be running empty—and we cannot afford that. In peak periods they would reduce the accommodation for other passengers."

Notes Never Were

By way of relieving the cumbersome weight of silver we have to carry about a reader suggested that a five-shilling note be introduced ("Free Speech," November 14).

I believe that such notes were, in fact, introduced during the first war, but had to be discontinued because they soon became dirty and dog-eared, most people using them as pocket change.—CHARLES MURRAY, Bridge of Orchy, Argyll.

"To the best of our knowledge these five-shilling notes were never officially issued," says the Bank of England. "They were currency, as opposed to Bank of England, notes, and were printed as a possible emergency issue during the first war."

Hickory Dickory History

When our grandfather clock broke down my husband pulled it to pieces. Opening the back he pulled out a yellowing piece of paper on which was written: *Repaired* 1883. *Weather clear. National Affairs muddled.*

He repaired the clock and put the piece of paper back, brought up to date: *Repaired November,* 1959. *Weather clear. National Affairs still muddled.*—PATRICIA ELLIS-HUGHES, Sutherland Avenue, London, W.9.

£250 FREE FOR FITTING PHRASES

1

There's an Ingersoll for everyone

62/6

Travelling alarm with luminous figures in real leather snap shut case; choice of attractive colours. Fully tested and fully guaranteed.

Over 100

INGERSOLL

models at prices everyone can afford
at your jewellers

2

Gifts that Gratify

are those you can be sure will give the most pleasure. Thermos Brand vacuum vessels are the perfect example. Their keep-hot, keep-cold miracle is yours to command (*her* late-night coffee, *his* midday soup, hot water for *baby's* bottle, *everyone's* iced picnic drinks). Give Thermos Brand vacuum flasks, jars, jugs and bowls this year—and be the friend your friends love most of all.

No. 58 Jug 17/6

THERMOS Brand

Completely spillproof. In 3 gay colours, also extra capacity 58Q 23/-

CHOICE OF 40 MODELS
—from 6/7d. to 8 gns.

The word THERMOS *is a registered trade mark.*

3

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

The Perfect Christmas Gift

QUEEN'S (Sweet) 35/9 Bot.; 18/9 half Bot.
SPORTSMAN'S (Dry) Higher Strength 39/6 & 20/6

4

It's smart to drink PORT

—and remember

PORT comes only from PORTUGAL

It's at all the smartest parties this time of the year!

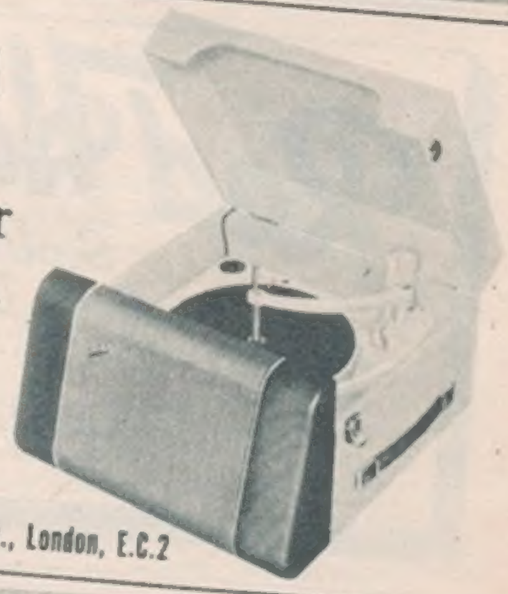
ISSUED BY THE PORT WINE TRADE ASSOCIATION

5

A four-speed auto-change record player for only 18½ gns.

JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS
Remember to ask for

ALBA



Tabernacle St., London, E.C.2

6

EXPANSION
WATCH BRACELETS
WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP

Fixoflex

for Men and Women

RIW

MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS

7

They'll just LOVE
A BICYCLE FOR CHRISTMAS!
Every boy and girl wants a
Hercules

'Glido' De-Luxe Cycle	£10.18.3
'Lone Ranger' for ages 5-8	£13.6.6
'Jeep' Sports for ages 7-9	£15.5.9

'New Yorkers' and other models available for older boys and girls.

See your Hercules Dealer today—Easy Terms if desired

8

New Hair Cream Discovery is keeping millions

FREE from DANDRUFF

AND REALLY WELL-GROOMED

3/1

LOXENE
medicated
HAIR CREAM

Study advertisements Nos. 1 to 8 on this page—then Nos. 9 to 24 overleaf. There you find how to win £250 for Fitting Phrases to advertisements.

YOUR COUPONS for this 3-PAGE FREE £250 CONTEST OVERLEAF

Study the Products — fit the Phrases

£250 FREE FOR

9

keep out the cold with delicious

Eiffel Tower

Lemonade and Orangeade crystals

Enjoy the real fruit flavour of drinks made with Eiffel Tower crystals this winter. Enjoy them **HOT**—and keep out winter chills!

1/- pack makes 25 glasses

AT YOUR GROCERS **NOW**

10

One of the most acceptable of gifts

11

The absorbent Bri-nylon sock with the ventilated sole

Socks 7/6
Short socks 6/3
Knee high 8/6

Air-conditioned comfort, cool in Summer warm in Winter. Special Sona process makes them absorbent.

Knitted from *Helanca* wonder-stretch Bri-nylon.

Twylex elastic yarn top for gentle support.

Aerocel by **Morley**

15

Red Hackle

Scotlands Best Whisky

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE BREWERS EXHIBITION LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE SCOTCH WHISKY
HEPBURN & ROSS LTD GLASGOW

PROPRIETORS Hepburn & Ross & Co GLASGOW

16

Man alive!

Go modern with

PHILIPS

PHILIPS PHILISHAVE *jet*

—the Rotary Action Electric Shaver for close, comfortable shaving the easy way!

Standard-Volt Model £7·7·0 tax paid
Dual-Volt Model £8·9·9 tax paid
Battery Model £7·12·9 tax paid

A product of Philips Electrical Ltd.

19

ZUBES are good for your tubes!

THEY'RE SO SOOTHING

NEW VACUUM TIN **1/-**

20

Your Good Health at Christmas

Make friends with

MARTELL

Three Star *Cordon Bleu*

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

21

THE NEW **FLATLEY** '103' ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRIER

from leading stores and Electricity Showrooms

£5·19·11

This Christmas . . . . . SHE DESERVES A FLATLEY

THIS WAY TO WIN £250

INSTRUCTIONS

In this 3-page Contest are 24 Advertisements—study them carefully; on your £250 free coupon there are 8 phrases, each with a blank square beside it. Into each of these blank squares write the NUMBER of the Advertisement to which, in your opinion, the phrase beside it most appropriately applies. Add your name and full address: post in sealed envelope not later than Tuesday, Jan. 5, to FITTING PHRASES, "JOHN BULL," 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99. Coupon on far right is for another member of your family. Both coupons may be posted in same sealed envelope (3d. stamp).

FREE COUPON — FROM ALL 3 PAGES CHOOSE ADVERTISEMENTS TO FIT THESE PHRASES

A. Hot? Cold? . . . answers both questions. ☐

B. Get . . . when for you only the finest will do. ☐

C. What many a wife would like for her kitchen. ☐

D. A wonderful gift—there's nothing better. ☐

E. Sure to fit and sure to please. ☐

F. Good for everyone—it is so plain. ☐

G. See how it makes life easier for a man. ☐

H. So useful when lots of friends pop in. ☐

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....

I.F.P. Dec. 19.....

FITTING PHRASES

Study the Products — fit the Phrases

12

PEX slighter seams

the nylons with the finest seam in the world. *Christmas Extra!* Gay gift box for the handy tube. 10/6

13

SMITH'S CRISPS

2/6

14

I eat and enjoy

Slimcea REGD.

the original slim-aid loaf by **PROCEA**

17

A *Sherborne* FOR CHRISTMAS?

Nothing could be better! For newly-weds, in-laws, young nieces and nephews—everyone loves a Sherborne for Christmas. Such a sensible present for gift time, anytime!

Ref. No. 8. A bright Sunray design in four, 3-colour groups, finished round centre with neat moulding. 21/- from furnishers everywhere.

Full colour brochure of the complete Sherborne range, free on request from:—

SHERBORNE POUFFES LTD
Haycliffe Lane • Bradford 5

18

FASTEST EVER FOR WALLS & CEILINGS!

WALLCHARM EMULSION

A delightful EGGSHELL FINISH —so easy to use!

From all leading Paint Dealers

22

Comfort in fashion-

for the broader foot

P9095

There are many styles to choose from. Prices from 65/9 to 77/9

Portland

STYLE · COMFORT SHOES

23

My recipes never fail

thanks to my

SALTER

domestic balance

Geo. Salter & Co. Ltd., West Bromwich W-W-434

24

TIO PEPE

gives warmth to

CHRISTMAS WELCOMES

RULES

For coupon bearing (in ink or ball-point) the most skilful and appropriate fitting of given phrases to advertisements, as decided by panel of advertising experts, £250 cash will be awarded. Ties divide. No entry fee. Signature on coupon binds entrant to accept published result as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees ineligible.

HOW TO ENTER—SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Address entries: Fitting Phrases, "John Bull," 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99.

FREE COUPON — FROM ALL 3 PAGES CHOOSE ADVERTISEMENTS TO FIT THESE PHRASES

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Signature.....

Address.....

2.F.P. Dec 19.....

LAST DAY TO POST COUPON TUESDAY JAN. 5

FIVE GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

He had saved the life of the girl he loved. Now came the reward—and the proof that they must part for ever

DURING the three weeks Frank Hodgson had spent at the Royal Oak at Madingley, the staff had done everything they could to make him comfortable; not because he was a wealthy American, but because the old country hotel—it had once been a coaching inn—had a long and fine tradition of serving its guests well.

Three weeks. Frank had never intended staying as long as that. He'd planned for a two-day visit, the most he'd felt he could manage, in between conferences in London and Paris.

After all, it was only a sentimental visit. Frank had been born—nearly sixty-five years before—in this same pretty Kentish village of Madingley. He had come to pay his respects to the graves of his parents, in the little churchyard.

In the ordinary course of events he would have been back in New York by now. But unforeseen circumstances had played havoc with his plans. First his lumbago; and then Julie's car crash. . . .

Now, as he sat out on the hotel terrace on this fresh April morning, he almost felt that he never wanted to leave. There was peace in this seemingly timeless English spring.

The peace was suddenly and impudently disturbed by the arrival of a small car, a Morris Minor. It swung in through the hotel gates and stopped at the entrance. A big man in gingery Harris tweeds struggled out of the driving seat. It was Andrew Pennington, the local doctor. He looked more like one of the fruit farmers of the district than a physician. He saw Frank and waved and came up on to the terrace. He said: "Hallo . . . taking the air?"

"Just being lazy, I guess." Frank grinned. He liked the doctor.

"Do you good," Pennington said. "How's the lumbar?"

"Fine." Frank waved at a chair. "Stop awhile and have a drink?"

"Thanks, but I'm far too busy. Just thought I'd drop in as I was passing. Thought you might like to know we'll be letting your girl out soon."

Frank's face lit up. "Why, that's great!"

"Yes . . . we're very pleased with her. But I suppose it means you'll be leaving us soon?"

"I suppose it does."

"Perhaps we could have a drink before you go."

"Surely—we'll do that." A sudden idea occurred to Frank. "By the way, if you've got just a moment, I'd like to ask your advice."

"Of course."

"Well . . . I've got that young Jimmy Thorpe coming to see me when he gets through work today. I very much want to do something—just a slight token of my appreciation. Trouble is, I don't know what."

Andrew Pennington rubbed his chin. "Ah, yes. I can see it might be a bit tricky."

"Money?" Frank frowned. "I don't somehow like the idea. I thought maybe a motor-cycle?"

The doctor still looked thoughtful. He said slowly: "I'm pretty sure there's only one thing he would want from you. . . ."

"What's that?"

Pennington hesitated. Then he shook his head. "Sorry, but I'd be speaking out of turn if I told you. I'm afraid you'll have to work that one out for yourself . . . and now I really must go."

Frank watched the doctor get into the Morris and drive off. He thought, puzzled: *Now just what the devil did he mean by that?*

IT was quiet at the hotel. No one disturbed him, and he was glad. He'd got this business of the boy very much on his mind. He knew it was most important that he should do the right thing, though he didn't quite understand why.

He thought back over his trip to Europe. It hadn't gone right, either for himself or for Julie. *Julie.* The lines of his face softened at the thought of her. Poor kid—she would certainly have cause to remember her father's birthplace!

He recalled the day they had ridden down from London together, in the little rented English car. Julie had taken the wheel, full of fun and laughter at having to drive on the wrong side of the road. As usual she had driven too fast, but he had hated to check her.

At eighteen Julie was on top of the world. This was her first trip out of the U.S.A., and everything about it thrilled her. It did Frank a world of good just to have her there beside him. And he'd valued their time together the more because she wasn't going to be with him long; soon she was going to Paris to join friends for an extended tour of Europe.

THE friends were the Rittensons. They were Frank's friends, too. Walter Rittenson was an old business associate of his. Walter had his wife with him, and his daughter, who was just Julie's own age. And then there was young Ed Rittenson. There was something of a romance in progress between Julie and Ed. It had begun to look as though she was going to marry him one day.

But Julie hadn't joined the Rittensons. On his first day in Madingley, Frank's lumbago had laid him low. And though he'd tried to persuade Julie to go on, she wouldn't hear of it.

"You mean leave you here alone, like this?"

"But I'll be okay, honey—really I will."

"I wouldn't *dream* of it."

So Julie had telephoned Ed Rittenson at the Ritz in Paris and told him how things were. And after a day or two Frank stopped worrying too much about the way he had spoiled her trip, because she really didn't seem to be too disappointed. In fact, she seemed to be enjoying herself hugely.

She spent most of her time scurrying round

Frank stared at the coins Sir William had given him. His dream was over. He knew there was only one thing to do

Five golden sovereigns

continued from page 6

the district in the little car, sightseeing indefatigably, as a good American should. She also got to know several English boys. She had chattered about them, about Michael, and Peter, and Jimmy. . . .

Particularly about Jimmy. And, as it turned out, it was Jimmy who had saved her life. He was with her in the car the afternoon she took a corner too fast and ran off the road, the car somersaulting down a steep bank to the water-meadow below.

Julie would have been dead now if it hadn't been for young Jimmy Thorpe. Though he had taken a nasty knock himself, it was Jimmy who had improvised a tourniquet to stop the blood pumping from the torn artery in Julie's leg; Jimmy who had staggered up the bank and flagged down a passing car before he collapsed himself.

Until the accident, Frank had assumed automatically that Jimmy was a boy of more or less Julie's own class. In fact he came from one of the poorer families in the village; and was a mechanic at the local garage.

It was this that had posed the problem which Frank now faced. How did you reward such a boy when he had saved your daughter's life?

He went on pondering upon it. And, as had been his habit for many years now, his left hand went automatically to his vest pocket, his fingers turning over and over the smooth, heavy coin he kept there. He took it out.

He held it in his open palm and looked at it. It was an English sovereign.

Suddenly he seemed to be seeing it as it had lain there the very first time, so many years ago. Equally suddenly he realized how strangely history had repeated itself.

He sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, in the grip of an emotion which, ever since he'd come back here to Madingley, he'd been trying to keep at bay.

Forget it! It was all far too long ago to matter any more. But he couldn't forget it. He sat there a while longer, then got up and went into the hotel and asked the hall porter if he could get him a cab.

"Taxi, sir?" the porter said. "Well, here's old Fred just arrived."

Frank said he didn't mind old Fred. He went out and down the front steps. An elderly, hearse-like vehicle had drawn up there. The driver was a very old man with a straggling grey moustache.

Frank said: "Are you free now? Can you take me?"

The old man touched a finger to his forehead. "I can, sir. Where was you wanting to go?"

"Oh—just down to the village."

They started off, with Frank established in funereal state in the back.

"Anywhere special, sir?"

"I'd like to have a look at the Hall. It's still there, I suppose?"

"It is, sir."

"Any of the Temple family still there?"

Fred shook his head. "Lor' bless you, no, sir. It's an agricultural college—has been for years. It's 'The College' now—only a few of us old 'uns still call it the Hall." The old man glanced curiously over his shoulder. "You knew the Family, sir?"

"Knew them?" Frank said. "Well, yes. I suppose I did. In a manner of speaking."

"You knew old Sir William?"

"Yes."

Fred shook his head again. "A fine man, sir. A good man. Don't get them like that any more."

Frank hesitated. "There was . . . a daughter, I believe?"

"That's right, sir. Miss Mary."

"What happened to her?"

"Well, she was the last, sir. She stayed on after Sir William and his lady died. She was the last of the Family at the Hall. She stayed until the College came, and then she went away. They say she went to London. Of course, she wasn't so well off then."

"But surely she married?"

"Oh, no, sir, she never married. . . . And here's the gates ahead of us now. You want me to drive up?"

Miss Mary. . . . Oh, no, sir, she never married. The shock of it struck Frank like a blow.

"Sorry, sir—did you say drive up?"

With an effort Frank collected himself. He said: "No. Just put me down at the gates. I'd like to walk around a little. I'll find my own way back."

The old car groaned away. Frank turned and walked in through the gates. They were new, wooden—oak by the look of it—and quite handsome, but not to be compared with the wrought iron that he remembered.

He started up the drive, and his impression now was one of bareness. The fine old trees of the park had been cut down. The park itself was under cultivation.

Frank felt a sort of chill. Until today he'd never inquired about the Hall or the Family, knowing deep within him that, even so many years afterwards, it would only revive the old hurt. He told himself bitterly that he was a fool.

The house had the same look of bareness about it as the grounds. He turned away from it towards the stables. He saw little evidence of change there. All the same, something was missing, something essential. And after a moment or two he realized what it was; the sound and the smell of horses.

The old stone mounting step still stood against the north wall. He sat down on it and looked around him. Very little change. No doubt the horse stalls had been torn out, but the doors of the stables were shut and he could not see that. It all looked, outwardly, almost exactly as it had looked when he was a boy. He could imagine the stalls, and put a horse in each, and give a name to most of them: Beauty; Warrior; Little Lady; Teddy; Belle. . . .

Little Lady had been Miss Mary's pony, Sir William's present to her on her thirteenth birthday. Frank was fourteen then, and had been stable boy at the Hall for nearly a year.

What excitement there had been that day. Miss Mary had spent most of it in the stable yard. It was the first time Frank really spoke to her.

"I know you will be kind to Little Lady," Miss Mary had said, "because you are my friend."

And that was the way it had been from then on. They were friends. Though on Frank's side it was more than friendship.

It was a friendship that deepened as the years slipped quietly by at Madingley Hall. Nothing interrupted it. Sir William's and Lady Helen's interests were too wide for them to be much concerned about their daughter, so long as she seemed happy.

She was blue-eyed and very fair, and growing into womanhood now. Frank was fast becoming a stalwart young man. There was scarcely a day when they didn't spend some time together, with the horses they both loved. They were perfectly at ease with each other. She had not been "Miss Mary" to him for a long time past. When they were alone together, he called her Mabs.

But it couldn't last like that. Gradually their time together became more and more curtailed. Lady Helen wanted her now-almost-grown daughter more and more often by her side. It began to seem to Frank—who had risen to under-coachman now—that the only time he was in her company was when he was driving the landau and she was riding with her mother, both of them elegantly attired.

But he had not lost her yet.

There came a day in May when he was out at dawn exercising Warrior, Sir William's old hunter. It was Mab's seventeenth birthday. Frank was thinking about that, riding the horse slowly under the great oaks in the park, when there was a drumming of hoofs behind him.

It was Mabs. She galloped up, her fair hair streaming behind her. Frank halted his horse to wait for her. He thought: *She is seventeen today. During this next year she'll go farther away from me than ever.* But he managed a grin and said, "Happy birthday."

"Thank you, Frank." They rode slowly side by side. A frown furrowed her forehead. "Oh, it's going to be such a tiresome day. Nothing but callers." Then she looked at him and her face was eager and unclouded again. "I wanted you to be the first to wish me a happy birthday, Frank."

She urged her horse into a gallop again. Frank galloped beside her. They dismounted, breathless and laughing, at the top of the high ground on the south side of the park. All the lovely weald of Kent lay spread before them.

And then, as though by unspoken consent, they turned and looked at each other.

"Oh, Frank. . . ."

Frank saw her lips quiver. He saw tears in her eyes. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

That was when the dream began.

It was a wistful, yearning, quite impracticable dream. . . .

"Father could help you. He must see that you are much too good to be just a coachman, a *servant*."

"We could run away together. We could go to Australia."

"We could live in a cottage. I wouldn't mind."

It was Mabs who conjured up these blissful prospects. Frank was the one who sometimes shook his head. When he was being sensible, he knew that none of it could ever really be.

But it was hard to be sensible about Mabs. And in any case he had a particular dream of his own. If only he could do her some great service—perhaps save her life. He saw her father, overwhelmed by gratitude, offering to raise him from the stables, and granting him her hand in marriage.

He knew that that was the most extravagant dream of all. And yet it was the only one that was to be realized; not wholly, but in part.

A few months later, Sir William bought Champion, to replace the ageing Warrior. Champion was a formidable young stallion, not properly broken when he came to the Hall.

The horse was certainly no mount for a woman. But Mabs insisted on riding him.

Champion threw her twice. She wasn't hurt. But then came the third time, and near disaster. The stallion ran away with her. She simply hadn't the strength to control the animal.

She had only just mounted him in the stable yard when he reared, and then went thundering out of the yard and down the drive. The great horse shot out of the gates, with Mabs clinging to the saddle.

Frank was aghast, but he kept his head. He leaped on to the grey he had been grooming and gave chase.

The rest was a nine days' wonder in Madingley. Two villagers told over and over again how they had seen the grey mare leap the six-foot stone wall of the park with the young coachman from the Hall riding her bareback; how he had landed on the road a length behind the stallion; how he had drawn level and flung himself headlong from the grey's back to grab at that great brute of a horse's cheekstrap; how he had been dragged along almost under the furiously pounding hoofs until he forced the beast to a standstill.

Of course, the news quickly reached the Hall. Sir William was in London that day, but he heard it as soon as he returned. The following morning Frank was summoned to the big house.

He walked up from the stables, his head full of confusion. The Family were in the big drawing-room. Frank rubbed the palms of his hands on his breeches, walked in, and came to an embarrassed stop.

Sir William was standing with his back to the hearth. Miss Mary was sitting on a low couch to his right. She

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DECEMBER

December winds are metal thin,
Skeleton leaves blow, scratching in
Under wall and wash-house door,
Over flag and kitchen floor.

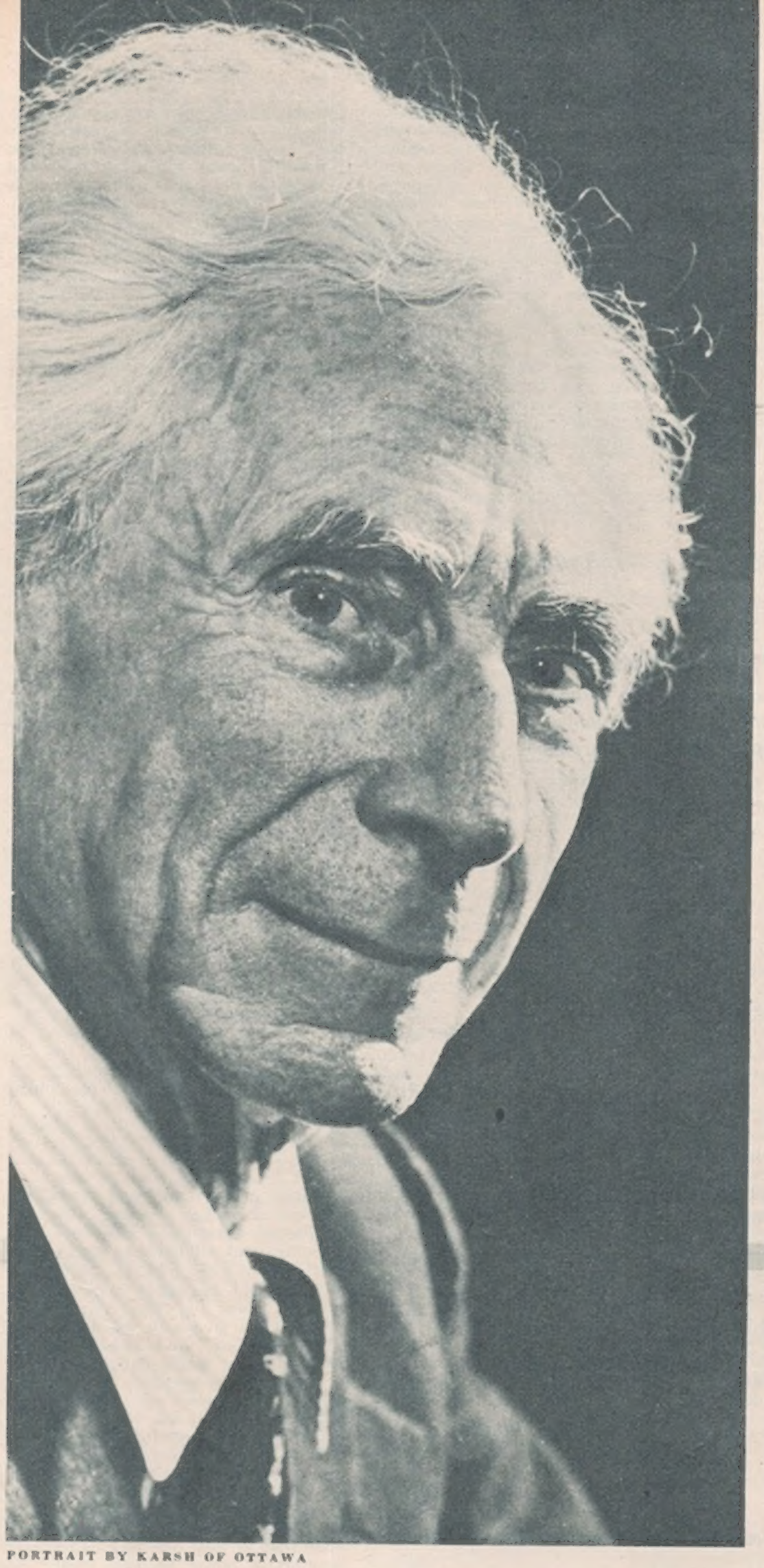
Fog, whitewashing the busy town,
Is swept away. Brittle and brown
Elm branches creak up from the park
Mottled with tungsten on the bark.

Four o'clock. Too dark to roam.
The school's lit up. Children race home.
Beneath the lamp, in-drifting slow,
Spreads the square's party dress of snow.

One half year gone are beach and sea,
Buffeting waves, the sunlit glee
Of seaweed hours by pool and rock—
Shut the door and snap the lock!

Street puddles wear an iron glove
But stars are brilliant above;
So through the hardening of the year
Christmas Day is glowing near.

MABEL FERRETT



PORTRAIT BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

This is the vital question

DARE WE DISARM?

At the Paris Summit man's future is at stake. . . . In this exclusive article Britain's most eminent philosopher asks whether Khruschev's bold plan is just a trap—or our chance to end the race towards war

BERTRAND RUSSELL

EVER since the invention of the H-bomb, the human race has been exposed to a peril which is entirely new. It is the peril of universal death. A mistake by one man, at one moment, may bring about this disaster even when no one is expecting anything of the sort.

This is the consequence of the destructive power of nuclear weapons combined with the doctrine of instant retaliation, which holds that, in view of the advantages of delivering the first blow, H-bombs should be launched against the "enemy" when there is reason to suspect a hostile attack, without waiting to verify whether such an attack is, in fact, taking place.

The official policy of the British Government is based explicitly upon the belief that there is no possibility of protecting ordinary civilians from an H-bomb attack, but that that small portion of the population which is in charge of launching sites and H-bombs can be kept alive just long enough to exterminate a good many millions of Russians. It is apparently thought that every Briton, in his last gasps, will die happy in the thought of the imminent equal agonies in Russia.

This sort of policy must strike every ordinary person as criminal madness. There is better hope now than at any time during the last twelve years for the prevalence of a saner attitude on the part of the leading powers of the world. Whether reason and humanity will prevail against ancient habits of thought and feeling is still doubtful. If there is to be a happy issue, the decisive actions will have to be taken by governments. But governments, at least in the West, are influenced by public opinion, and for this reason it is very necessary that public opinion should be aware of the dangers and alert in seeking ways of avoiding them.

Mr. Khruschev's proposal of general disarmament has taken the West by surprise and has faced Western statesmen with some very awkward questions. On the one hand, they dare not definitely oppose his plan, since, if they did so, Russia would achieve a very great propaganda advantage in the eyes of uncommitted nations; on the other hand, the instinct of Western statesmen is to suspect a trap and to think that, as in the past, armaments may be a source of safety.

It is not yet clear which of these two sets of considerations will govern Western policy. For my part, I am entirely convinced that the West ought to assume Khruschev's sincerity and, on this assumption, suggest such safeguards in the way of inspection as may be genuinely needed.

But if this point of view is to prevail, it will be

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necessary that statesmen should assess the risks of this or that policy more realistically than they have hitherto done.

I think it should be possible to bring about such a reappraisal among Western statesmen, since the arguments to be adduced are completely unanswerable, both from the point of view of national self-interest and from that of the future of man. I will endeavour to set forth what seems to me to be the arguments in favour of this point of view. The questions involved are so difficult and so unfamiliar that it is easy for governments to be themselves misguided and to generate a completely mistaken public opinion to which, in turn, they say they must bow.

The first thing to be considered is the question of Mr. Khruschev's sincerity. Does he mean to carry out the ostensible purpose of his suggestions? Or is he trying to impose a trick by which the East will achieve a new superiority? I do not, myself, believe this.

My first reason for disbelieving it is that I think Mr. Khruschev an intelligent man who is aware that general disarmament would further Russian well-being and that nuclear war would be a disaster to Russia as well as to all other countries. I am confirmed in this opinion by his neutral attitude on the Sino-Indian dispute.

People doubt his sincerity because of Russia's brutal suppression of insurrection in Eastern Germany and Hungary. I think this is due to a misinterpretation of the Soviet point of view. I think this point of view is one of strict adherence to legality without regard for human suffering or for what might be considered human rights. Yalta and Potsdam assigned Hungary and Eastern Germany to the Russian sphere, and this is considered by the Soviet Government to give rights to Russia over and above what the West intended to grant.

The moral to be drawn is not that Communist governments will not keep their word, but that agreements with them should be very precise. This applies to Khruschev's disarmament proposals. If they are to be accepted, there must be very explicit agreement on the question of inspection.

Assuming Khruschev's sincerity, what positive arguments are there for believing that acceptance of his suggestion is in accordance with Western interests? There are many, and I will begin with the least important.

The fiscal burden of armaments is, at present, already very severe and is certain, if no agreement is reached, to increase to astronomical proportions. Science is bound to invent more and more expensive ways of threatening the "enemy." We may expect both Russian and American stations on the moon, armed with missiles capable of exterminating Washington or Moscow at a signal from the government of either country. When people have got used to this state of affairs, there will have to be stations on Mars and Venus.

I do not pretend to foresee exactly what science will be able to do in the way of threatened destruction, but experience since 1945 is sufficient to show that neither side will shrink from any expenditure that may be thought necessary until the populations of East and West are reduced to bare subsistence level. There will then, almost inevitably, on one side or the other, if not on both, be an outburst of impatient fury promoted by men who find the nervous strain unendurable.

If, on the other hand, a disarmament agreement is reached, the resources of science can be used to raise the standard of life in every part of the world, and to prevent an angry determination on the part of undeveloped countries to share in the "blessings" enjoyed at present by those who possess a superiority in the arts of scientific homicide.

Big chance of war

Much of the most serious argument in favour of a ban on nuclear weapons is that, so long as they exist, a nuclear war is at any moment possible, and in the long run, probable. Politicians and the public have not yet rightly estimated the risks of various possible policies. A policy of general disarmament is apparently thought, by Western statesmen, to involve a risk of surreptitious gains by the Communist bloc, whether by propaganda or by "knavish tricks."

I will not deny that there may be some slight risk of this sort, but the Soviet Government must equally face the risk that Western ideology might penetrate parts of the Eastern bloc. I think this risk to Communist interests is at least as great as that to Western interests. So they cancel each other out.

But let us now consider the risks involved in the continued production and use of nuclear weapons. There is a cheerful assumption that of course these weapons will never be used. They exist only, we are told, as a deterrent.

This is an incredibly rash and unrealistic point of view. Mr. Dulles taught us to live with the doctrine of "brinkmanship," and, although at the moment a less madly dangerous policy is prevailing, we can have no assurance that good sense will continue to dominate. As things stand, there is little hope of preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to many nations which do not at present possess them. History shows that politicians are not invariably wise, and, when many are in a position to use H-bombs, the likelihood that at least one may be insanely desirous of power becomes great. In addition to this risk, there is the possibility of a misinterpreted incident leading to instant retaliation.

End of humanity

It would seem, therefore, that in the absence of a disarmament agreement, the likelihood of a large-scale nuclear war, sooner or later, approaches very near to certainty; and such a war, if it occurs, would be an immeasurably greater disaster than the victory of whichever bloc we happen to dislike. A large-scale nuclear war might destroy the whole human race. It would, in any case, obliterate the population of Europe and at least three-quarters of that of the United States.

This risk is vastly greater than any of those that statesmen are taking care to avoid. The only reason for not allowing it to govern policy is that it is new and that it demands a realization of the interests which East and West have in common, rather than those very much smaller interests in which they

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IN SHORT

School Report

The remarks on my son's school report
Are very far from glowing.
It appears that his shortcomings
Are a long time going.

V. J. WADE

Invitation Postponed

Dear Aunt Moira,

We were looking forward to asking you over this week, but things are rather at sixes and sevens as Wilcox has been sent to hospital for putting his umbrella up.

He surrendered the wrong half of a return ticket and when he wanted to come home the ticket collector told him that they might have his return half at a little hut on platform four. He found a hut, but although it was full of lamps and there was no sign of any tickets he waited for somebody to turn up.

When the telephone rang he answered it and a very angry voice told him to take a sledge-hammer to the end of platform six and rang off. Always liking to be helpful, Wilcox chose one and trotted along. Platform six was closed, but as he was on a railway job he felt entitled to open the barrier. As soon as he did so a party of foreigners pushed through, too, asking him questions about trains and trying to get him to clip their tickets.

He left them pouring on to the platform behind him and walked to the end, but it was empty. In the distance he saw some men working on the line, so he tried to attract their attention by shouting. They took no notice and he put up his umbrella and waved it in one hand while he waved the sledge-hammer in the other.

This excited the foreigners so much that railway officials rushed on from all over the station and, before Wilcox could explain, a first-aid team was treating him for delusions. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

PERSONAL COLUMN

I, JEAN HIGGINS, of 14 Hailsham Crescent, Twittering, will no longer be responsible for my husband's jokes.

WILL persons who can prove their descent from FRIAR TUCK (*c.* 1180-1250) communicate with Messrs. Bannock and Barbell, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn, when they may hear of something to their advantage.

ANYONE knowing a cure for girdle-tugging in teenage girls please ring GUG 9899.

QUIZMASTER'S wife, thinning out wardrobe, offers once-worn Canadian mink, 1,300 guineas. JB 145.

ZIP-FASTENER jammed? Relax and ring Holysmoke 5000. Round-the-clock service by skilled engineers.

YOUNG women willing to ask householders how often they wash should apply to Quiz Industrial Research Bureau, Jermyn St., London.

SAVE our heritage! Britain's historic cinemas are being pulled down right and left. Help to find homes for the Mighty Wurlitzers that thrilled you in youth. Subscriptions (10s.) to Rev. Athelstan Tarboy, Hon. Sec. Cinema Organ Preservation League, The Vicarage, East Snickerton.

EX-PUBLIC schoolboy, lately engaged in Mediterranean coastal trade, is giving up smart cabin cruiser. Sleeps six, hides four. Surprising turn of speed. Hull sound, except for occasional

E. S. TURNER

Annual Event

It's happened again, as it happened last year
And also the Christmas before—
The very first card I've received was despatched
By someone I'd planned to ignore!

EILEEN B. EDGE

English At Oh! Level

Stratagem....*Jewel found in rock layers.*
Vulgarize....*Tools of a Peeping Tom.*
Coterie....*Cloakroom.*
Endorse....*Fourth (four ran).*
Farthingale....*Unbelievably cheap beer.*
Mascot....*Bed for quins.*
Palliasse....*Friendly donkey.*
Equinox....*Fight, ending in a draw.*
Feline....*Professional men's pay queue.*
Intact....*Ability to get drinks after hours.*
Mountebank....*Safe deposit for Canadian police.*
Cauterize....*First step in wooing a girl.*

RONALD A. SLINN

It's a give-away when you BLUSH

by ALAN LLOYD

One man in three does it; so do four out of five women. All think they know why . . . but do they?

ON a desk in the executive offices of a well-known cosmetics company stood the newest thing in face powder—so new that it will not appear on the market until February. The powder is green.

"We expect a big demand from people who blush easily," said the woman behind the desk, Sheila Chaudoir. "Worn under powder of a more conventional shade, the green tint kills the colour of the blush."

At a large store I was told that there is a steady demand for high-necked blouses and dresses, and broad-brimmed hats, for women who blush. Blushers, both male and female, help to stimulate the sale of ultra-violet lamps, which many use for acquiring a perpetual tan.

A West End hypnotherapist said: "One out of every two people who come to me are worried because they blush. Some of them are desperate. He works from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. to keep pace with his clients.

Yet, oddly enough, while people feign coughing fits and hide behind handkerchiefs to conceal their own blushes, they usually consider the blushes of others attractive. "After all," said a pretty girl of twenty-two, "it is a pleasant, modest thing for any nice young person to do. It is a maidenly grace."

Indeed, blushing is widely associated with modesty and innocence, and men confess to finding the blush of a woman charming and provocative.

For millions, the blush is an enigma. A small and delicate thing; a tender, elusive pinkness with the power to smash lives, attract lovers or promote big business. What lies behind it?

Dr. Joshua Bierer, medical director of Marlborough Day Hospital, London, whose work is also associated with the Institute of Social Psychiatry, helped me by making a survey at the hospital.

He reported: "We investigated fifty-six people, most of them between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five. Of six

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Arthur Bryant
TRIUMPH IN THE WEST
Completing the War Diaries of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke
The book everybody's talking
I have to warn Monty

Misunderstanding between Montgomery and Churchill brought the first of

PART THREE

THROUGHOUT May, 1944, the weather had been perfect, with almost continuous sunshine and calm seas and skies. But on the last day of the month, with the invasion fleet nearly ready to sail, there were disquieting signs over the Azores, and on the morning of June 1 a slight drizzle in the Channel. By the evening of the third—thirty-six hours before the landing-hour—three depressions were approaching from the Atlantic, and high winds with continuous low cloud were predicted for the fifth, sixth and seventh.

Postponement seemed inevitable and on the morning of Sunday the fourth, when the troops were already embarked, the operation was put off for twenty-four hours. But that night, when Eisenhower and the three commanders-in-chief again met the meteorologists, though a storm was raging in the Channel there seemed a hope that by the sixth the wind would have abated sufficiently to make a landing possible. When the likelihood of this unexpected let-up was confirmed at four the next morning the Supreme Commander, backed by Ramsay and Montgomery, ordered the invasion fleet to sea.

The die had been cast and the operation on which the fate of the war depended had started.

"June 6. By 7.30 a.m., I began to receive first news of the invasion. The airborne landings had been successful, the first waves were reported as going in, opposition not too serious, batteries firing from flanks, etc.

"Throughout the day information has come in. On the British front the landing has gone well and the whole of three divisions are ashore. On the American front the western landing was a success, but the eastern corps has failed practically along its whole front."

At the end of that first critical day the news was better than had seemed possible when the weather closed in on the Channel at the weekend, though it was less good than had been hoped. Complete surprise had been achieved.

"June 7. The invasion is a day older. I am not very happy about it. The American V Corps seems to be stuck. We are not gaining enough ground and German forces are assembling fast. I do wish we were landing on a wider front.

"June 9. The news from France is better. The XXX British and V American Corps have now joined up together. However, I am not yet entirely satisfied with the situation and wish the American front would join up and become a connected whole.

"June 10. The P.M. called me up, stating he proposed to visit Monty on Monday and wanted me to come with him. Smuts also coming. We are to leave by train on Sunday night and make an early start by destroyer on Monday.

"Sunday, June 11. Left home at 12 noon to lunch with American Chiefs of Staff at Stanwell Place, near Staines. After lunch we had a combined conference lasting till 5.30 p.m.

"June 12. I set foot in France again. At 10.15 p.m. last night I left the flat and drove to Ascot Station where I picked up the P.M.'s train. I

about—THE ALANBROOKE DIARIES

my troubles after D-Day. Then came a struggle with the Americans . . .

found him with Smuts and the American Chiefs of Staff finishing dinner. We got off to bed at a fairly reasonable time as we had to leave the train at 7.30 a.m. to catch the destroyer Kelvin and leave Portsmouth at 8 a.m.

"We had a very comfortable journey over and most interesting.

"Monty met us on the beach with a team of jeeps which we got into and drove off on the Courseulles-Bayeux road to about half-way to the latter place. There we found Monty's H.Q. and he gave us an explanation on the map of his dispositions and plans. All as usual, wonderfully clear and concise.

"After lunch we went to the new harbour being prepared west of Hamel. There we saw some of the large 'Phoenixes' being sunk into place and working admirably. Also 'Bombardons' to damp down waves, 'Whales' representing wonderful floating piers, all growing up fast.

"Close by was a monitor with 14-in. gun firing away into France. Winston said he had never been on one of His Majesty's ships engaging the enemy and insisted on going aboard. Luckily we could not climb up owing to seaweed on the bulges, as it would have been a very noisy entertainment had we succeeded.

"Then we returned to our destroyer and went right back to the east end of the beach where several ships were bombarding the Germans. Winston wanted to take part in the war and was longing to draw some retaliation. However, the Boche refused to take any notice of any of the rounds we fired. We started back about 6.15 p.m. and by 9.15 p.m. were back in Portsmouth after having spent a wonderfully interesting day. . . .

"June 26. C.O.S. meeting at which we had to draft a reply to Americans. We are up against the same trouble again, namely saving Alexander from being robbed of troops in order to land in Southern France. We shall have great difficulty with Americans, especially as Alex keeps on talking about going to Vienna.

"June 28. This morning the American reply to our wire arrived, a rude one at that! They still adhere to Anvil being carried out and want it at once.

"We spent most of the day drafting a reply, refusing to withdraw forces at present for a landing in Southern France with the opportunities that lie in front of us. Winston is also sending a wire to the President backing up our message.

"June 29. We are in for an all-in struggle with our American colleagues and I am frankly doubtful of the outcome of it all.

"June 30. The President's reply had arrived in the night. It is an interesting document, as it is not till you get to the last paragraph that you get to the basic reason for the opinions expressed; owing to the coming Presidential Election it is impossible to contemplate any action with a Balkan flavour on its strategic merits. The situation is full of difficulties; the Americans now begin to own the major strength on land, in the air and on the sea. They, therefore, consider that they

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DARK SABBATH

TOO MANY GHOSTS

It was the appalling events at dinner in the great hall that decided the Paradines. Behind these supernatural manifestations must lie something horrid, dangerous—quite possibly something deadly. Of all the Paradines, Isobel—Lord Paradine's spinster sister, a pale, fair beauty—was most certain what the manifestations portended. When the furnishings of her room were hurled about by unseen hands, she announced: "It is a warning. The nun will be seen in Paradine Hall before long."

And now the nun *was* seen, by an American guest, Susan Marshall, when, waking from sleep, it laid an icy hand upon her throat. And a harp was heard playing by itself. The nun and the harp meant disaster, so the family legend ran. Less terrible, but still alarming, were the occurrences in the Hall's east wing, which was run as a country club. There a mischievous poltergeist was at work. If the newspapers got the story, the club would be ruined. . . .

Now, while at dinner, family and club guests together saw a great chair move by itself, the candles fail in the ancient sconces, and the nun walk in the minstrels' gallery. And then, when the great chamber was lit once more, Susan Marshall recoiled from the table. "Oh, how horrid!" she whispered. "How disgustingly, revoltingly horrid!" Across her empty plate lay a dead rabbit, the strangling wire still visible round its throat. Only one thing could be done now, and a friend of the Paradines, Sir Richard Lockerie, had already suggested it. Send for a professional ghost-breaker—send for Alexander Hero. . . .

With chalice and holy water the vicar sought of evil. Its answer was immediate—

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

The brilliant romantic thriller by PAUL GALLICO

PART TWO

CERTAINLY there was no doubt as to the agitation and urgency of the distinguished-looking gentleman asking to see Alexander Hero, psychical researcher and private investigator of the paranormal.

Mrs. Harris, Hero's daily woman, having admitted the visitor to the library-sitting-room of the neat, white-washed mews house at Westminster, went scuffing and flapping off to the laboratory at the back, impressed by the stern and martial good looks of the caller.

In the laboratory, the tall young man wearing a long, white linen coat was standing in the midst of a tangle of gadgetry, mostly of his own devising. He was watching an oscillating needle on a dial and at the same time trying to keep an eye on a boiling flask. He had an unruly mop of dark brown hair, a mouth that was easily mobile and an extraordinarily stubborn chin. He did not even bother to turn round when he heard the scuff of Mrs. Harris's shoes, but merely called out: "Hoy, there! Out of bounds! Shut the door, there's a good girl."

Mrs. Harris stood her ground. "Oh, go on with you," she said. "There's a gentleman here to see you. He said his name was Sir Richard Lockersomething, and he's come from some place that sounded like Paradine Hall."

The young man said, half to himself: "That's odd—if it is Sir Richard Lockerie, he doesn't live at Paradine Hall."

He flipped a switch, turned out the Bunsen burner and wiped his hands on a piece of chemical-stained towelling. He located his ancient briar and, clenching it between his teeth, trailed Mrs. Harris to the library, where he found his visitor. He recognized him at once.

"How do you do, Sir Richard," he said. "It has been a long time since we met."

A look of intense relief spread over Richard Lockerie's features. "My goodness, Hero," he said, "I am glad to see you. I should have telephoned first for an appointment, but I have come straight from Paradine Hall—I'm staying there for the summer." He became suddenly agitated. Lighting a cigarette, he went to one of the bookshelves, then to the window before returning to face Hero. "Look here," he said, "I'll tell you straight away why I've come. We are haunted down in the Hall—damned nastily and visibly haunted.

"There has been a filthy attack on a young girl. If she weren't the pluckiest thing in the world it might have killed her.

"Something's got loose there. The place is turning into a hell. I would have thought they were all mad, and telling the wildest and most fanciful tales—Isobel, Beth Paradine, Susan and all of them. I simply should not have believed it, only I saw it with my own eyes. I am not a fool, Hero, and I don't think I am a coward

to banish the power and terrifying

"Satanas! Satanas!" cried the frightened vicar. Hero stood in silence amid the bedroom's incredible chaos

Too many ghosts

continued from previous page

but I am now a badly shaken man."

Hero nodded quietly. He waved his visitor to a chair. "Tell me about it," he said.

He pulled out a notepad and scribbled a few notes as Sir Richard talked names and places. He had the faculty of being able to write down one set of facts and think about another. His cases often began far from the scene of happenings and manifestations, and were usually as intimately concerned with those who reported them as with the actual phenomena. There was nothing that one could overlook.

As he scribbled, into his mental filing cabinet went a whole flock of questions: What was Sir Richard Lockerie's interest in this affair? This girl, Susan Marshall, what was the connection between her "extraordinary beauty" and her "amazing courage"? Why did Sir Richard dislike the person referred to as Cousin Freddie? Why had not Lord Paradine come to see him? It was Paradine's business. Or was it?

FINALLY Sir Richard's narrative reached the climax to the terrible events at dinner in the great hall—the moment when Susan Marshall found the rabbit on her plate.

"Ah," said Hero, "I don't like that at all."

"Then you don't think we have all gone out of our minds?" Sir Richard said. "You may be able to help us?"

"Perhaps," Hero said. "Who were the other guests present at the dinner?"

"I have brought a list," Sir Richard said. Hero scanned it:

Members of Country Club—

Major and Mrs. Howard Wilson; 3rd Coldstream Guards.
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Spendley-Carter, M.P., and daughter, Noreen Spendley-Carter (aged twelve).
Mr. Alfred Jellicot; retired draper from Manchester.
Mr. David Ellison; engineer.
Mrs. Geraldine Taylor; widow.
Dr. Everard Paulson; scientist.

Extra guests at dinner—

Rev. Harry Witherspoon; vicar, East Walsham.
Dr. Samuel Winters; general practitioner, ditto.

Only two of the names meant anything to Hero. He recalled Spendley-Carter, the Member of Parliament, as a windbaggy politician, and Dr. Everard Paulson as a well-known atomic researcher.

"Very well then," Hero said. "My fee is two hundred and fifty guineas, plus expenses incurred, and there are several conditions attached to my taking this case. Have you the authority to accept them?"

"Yes, Lord Paradine has agreed to leave it to me."

Hero knocked the ashes from his pipe, reloaded it and got it going. He said: "You realize, of course, that I have no police powers whatsoever. Hence, no one is compelled to give me any information, to answer any questions, or even tell me the truth.

"I therefore have to conduct the investigation upon my own lines. I gather since Lord Paradine, through you, is agreeing to a stiffish fee, I will be able to count upon some co-operation from the members of his household."

"Oh, yes, yes," Sir Richard assured him, a little too quickly. "I am quite sure that you can. We will all do our best."

"Very well then," Hero said, "I am to be given the free run of Paradine Hall at all hours; my instructions, when I give them, are to be obeyed without question; and, once this investigation has begun, it must be carried through to the finish—no matter how unpleasantly it may turn out."

Lockerie repeated: "Unpleasantly? I don't quite understand, Hero. When the safety of innocent young girls is being threatened in such a revolting and disgusting manner, what further unpleasantness——"

Hero noted that the "girl" had now become "girls." Who was the other?

"Quite so," he remarked; and, after a moment's reflection, added: "I must ask you to agree that, if I am engaged, I cannot be dismissed from this case for any reason, unless I should decide myself to pursue it no farther. In other words, I can resign, but you cannot sack me. However, if I do not succeed, there will be no fee."

Sir Richard said: "Your conditions are unusual, but I do think I see your point. I will accept your terms on my own responsibility, and try to make the necessity clear to Lord Paradine."

Hero nodded. "Very well, then. I shall be finished with some work I am doing today. Tomorrow is Sunday—I will arrive at the Hall by car some time tomorrow evening before dinner. Oh! and one thing more. Before you return, I suggest you secure a number of strong, old-fashioned bolts. It might not be a bad idea to put bolts inside all the rooms."

"Bolts!" cried Sir Richard. "But would bolts be of any use against a ghost or poltergeist or whatever it is that is loose at the Hall?"

"No," replied Hero, "but they do confine things strictly to that element. And that at least halves the possibilities for further unpleasantness."

IMMEDIATELY his visitor had left, Hero went to his shelves to consult Burke's Peerage.

Burke had a good deal to say about the Barons Paradine of Paradine Hall, whose lineage and title went back to 1462. Hero noted that the late Lord Paradine had died in 1956 at the age of eighty, his wife predeceasing him by nine years, and that he had three children: John, the present Lord Paradine, born in 1902; the Hon. Philip, born in 1904, and deceased; and the Hon. Isobel, born 1916, still living and unmarried.

John had contracted a marriage in 1928 to someone apparently of no lineage whatsoever, by the name of Enid Clay. Hero observed further that John and Enid had issue, a boy, Mark, born in 1932, and a daughter, Elizabeth, born four years later. Both the Hon. Philip and his wife were deceased, sole issue of this marriage being a boy called Frederick. That would be Cousin Freddie.

HERO closed the thick volume, reached for the telephone and dialled. When the receptionist at the other end said: "Barbizon, court photographer—good afternoon," he asked absent-mindedly: "Is Meg there?" and then corrected himself. "Oh! I beg your pardon. May I have a word with my stepsister, please—Lady Margaret Callandar. When she came on he said: "Hallo, Meg—Sandro. Busy?"

His stepsister replied: "I have a sitter, but if I leave him alone for a moment he may be able to get his jaw muscles unclamped and relax the fixed stare. How are you, my pet?"

"Flourishing. Look here, I've just been called in on a case. I may be needing your help."

Meg sounded enchanted. "Lovely," she said. "Do I drop everything?"

"Not yet. But I need a little gossip. You wouldn't by any chance be free for dinner tonight, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"The Antelope?"

"I'd adore it."

"See you," concluded Hero, and hung up.

He did not seem to find it at all strange or unusual that a girl as attractive and popular as the Earl of Heth's daughter should invariably be free when he needed to talk to her. . . .

It still did not occur to him that evening when, amid the pleasant fug on the second floor of the Antelope, created by smoke, ale fumes and people, he and his stepsister tested the light, flaky crust of their steak and kidney pie.

Margaret Callandar was a tall girl with a wry sense of humour and a light manner which concealed her enormous competence not only as a photographer, but in everything else she did. Only daughter of the once widowed Earl of Heth, whom Hero's mother, likewise widowed, had married in 1934, when Alexander was eight and Margaret five, she was, at the age of twenty-nine, already in partnership with Barbizon, the court photographer, and her portraits had taken a number of awards.

There was very little she did not know about photography, and it was because of her little bag of tricks as well as her intelligence and understanding that Hero sometimes called her in to assist him.

She finished a glass of the light lager, set it down and said: "Now, my pet, you may satisfy my curiosity: who is haunting whom, and where?"

Hero began with Sir Richard's visit and everything that Lockerie had told him, and when he had concluded Meg sat silently for a moment in deep thought before she said: "Yes, I see. It might not be very nice at all." Then she looked keenly into her stepbrother's face and asked: "What is it that is worrying you most?"

Hero said: "The harp."

"Oh?" said Meg in surprise.

"Harps don't play in locked and empty rooms."

"Nor chairs move, nor lights go out for no good and sufficient reason," said Meg.

"No," Hero agreed. He was silent for a while. "Look here, there are some things you may know. Who was Enid Clay—the present Lady Paradine?"

Meg threw her head back and eyed the ceiling for a moment, and Hero was momentarily aware of how handsome she was.

"Clay — Clay?" she repeated. "Wasn't there something just recently? Oh, I remember. Her father, Harvey Clay, who manufactures all the beer bottles, has just married a little bit from Chelsea with straw-coloured hair and he's going to leave all his money to her when he dies.

"Of course the Paradines are perfectly furious. They were counting on the money, you see, so that they wouldn't have to operate Paradine Hall as a country club any more, though I really think Lord Paradine likes that, in a way."

LOOKING across the table at her with amusement and affection, Hero said: "You couldn't sort that out a bit for me, could you?"

"Well," she said, "little Enid's claim to fame was that she was the first British débutante whose daddy bought her a press agent for her very own. Thirty years ago she was called 'The Flaming Débutante.' From her pictures, she was a raving beauty—red hair, you know.

"But it was the expectations which were really important to the Paradines. Now, of course, with Papa Clay prancing and arching his neck with his new wife, that's all out of the window. I was once at the Hall for a shoot with Daddy, but that was so long ago I hardly remember anyone but Isobel."

"Oh, yes—Isobel," Hero echoed.

"Astonishing creature. Should have been a queen. Snow Queen. I remember she had the most wonderful eyes and presence."

"Unmarried, according to Burke," Hero said.

Meg said: "Disappointed in love, I think, and devoted herself to her father. Ran the Hall for him. When he died and the new Lord Paradine took over, she stayed on at the job—little Enid just couldn't cope."

"Oh," Hero said, and made another mental note. "Ever hear of an American girl named Susan Marshall?"

"Her father was First Secretary at the American Embassy in London for five years. I think he's been assigned to Switzerland now."

Hero said: "Encyclopaedia, I love you."

"I know," Meg remarked, "if I were a woman you'd marry me." Then suddenly she queried: "What's Sir Richard doing in all this, by the way?"

Hero told her, and Meg said: "Oh, yes, of course. His boy must be of school age. I knew there was something I had forgotten. I remember now. Isobel was once supposed to be in love

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All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

The National Fire Service ceased to exist and local authorities resumed control of fire brigades.

Trouble with the Russians in Germany resulted in what became known as the Berlin Air Lift.

Prince Charles was born this year.

The Women's Royal Army Corps and the Women's Royal Air Force were formed in February.

In July the new National Health Service came into operation.

Oklahoma! was still running well at Drury Lane and we all sang "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top."

The State of Israel came into being this year.

General Eisenhower retired from the U.S. Army.

In June the petrol ration allowed us ninety miles of private motoring.

Soon after celebrating her Golden Jubilee, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands abdicated in favour of her daughter, Princess Juliana.

In January, Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated in Delhi.

Freddie Mills became light-heavyweight champion of the world.

One of the most popular films of the year—"The Red Shoes"—starred ballerina Moira Shearer.

Now turn to page 31 for the year

Aladdin's transformed—to a new-style musical so costly it must run till Christmas is forgotten

They're turning Panto upside down AGAIN

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

A BUNCH of fairies was helping to shift an enchanted forest down Oozells Street one day when Mrs. Wright found she had gone and lost her moonbeams. This, naturally, was very disturbing. Moonbeams do not grow on trees. They are very rare. They are expensive to replace. Besides, a witch in Bradford was urgently waiting for them.

All this explains why a few minutes later the new constable on the beat had such difficulty in sorting out the situation. Why, he wanted to know, were twenty-three fairies, seven wee men, four demons and ten mortals in cloth caps running about in such confusion? Why also were five large pantechnicons blocking the street, to the grave detriment of other road-users?

Mrs. Wright, forgivably more concerned with missing moonbeams than with Birmingham road users, briefly advised him to go to a police station and find out.

The new constable did this and found out. It seemed (a very old sergeant told him) that strange things happened in Oozells Street at this time of year. Three little factories began to issue magic devices. The street tended to fill up with *little folk*. These goings-on were controlled by Mr. Emile Littler, a potent wizard in London. All in all, it was best not to ask too many questions in Oozells Street. . . .

Alas for Mr. Littler and for Oozells Street, there are signs that the magic is growing steadily less potent. For, though the three little factories (collectively known as Pantomime House) still issue pixillated devices, their numbers are diminishing. It seems a spell has fallen on the business.

Since 1950, when Littler and his fellow pantomime king, Tom Arnold, put on twenty-four pantomimes between them, the number of shows has sadly decreased. In 1958 it was only eighteen; this year it is down to fourteen. The reason, savants say, is that after a run of several generations the present form of pantomime is due for one of its periodical changes.

Young noses turned up

Two main factors seem to underlie the need for this change. One is that today's children, fed on a diet of raw television, are turning up their noses at the pantomime titbits that delighted their forebears. (A critic complained recently that the proportion of children at one pantomime was less than at all-in wrestling.) The other factor is Mr. Harold Fielding.

Fielding, a brisk, genial young concert organizer, erupted at the London Coliseum in 1958 with his *Cinderella*. This big, bouncy American-type musical contained two major shocks for traditionalists. The first was that the female principal boy was *out*, and a good-looking

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In fifty years the fashion in Aladdins has changed from the buxom beauty of Constance Hyem to the 1959 model—Bob Monkhouse

Let the best thief in
the business try to
break open the safe...
that was Mary's plan.
But how far could
she be trusted ?

THE SHANGHAI

by ROBERT STANDISH

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

CRACKSMAN

A FEW days ago, on the financial page of a London newspaper, I read a three-line item which makes it possible for me to tell this story without risking a lawsuit. The item stated briefly that the old-established Baldwin-Kerr Improved Safe Co., Ltd., had gone into voluntary liquidation, unable to keep abreast of the keen competition in that field. It was an unsentimental epitaph for a fine old business.

The story, so far as my part in it was concerned, began on a sultry July day in the year 1923, in the stuffy court-room of the International Mixed Court, Shanghai, where I was covering a series of dull criminal cases for my paper, the *Shanghai Comet*.

Sitting with me for an hour, playing the match game surreptitiously under cover of the press table, was Detective-Inspector Masters, of the Shanghai Municipal Police. I was six dollars ahead of the game when a young Chinese named Henry Lom was brought up from the cells. This was the case for which Masters had been waiting and it ended the game. He still owes me the six dollars.

The specific charge against Lom was "being found on enclosed premises with felonious intent." Masters and two Chinese detectives testified that they had gone to the premises of the Loong-wei Exchange Bank on Kiangse Road, where they had found the accused in a shed at the rear, unable to give a satisfactory reason for being there.

The accused pleaded not guilty. Masters told the magistrate and assessor that the police took a most serious view of the case. Lom, he had explained to me already, was suspected of being the author of a series of safe robberies up and down the China coast and was widely known in criminal circles as an outstandingly clever operator.

My expectation was that Lom would get off lightly for the charge was not a serious one. I think I hoped so, too, for he was a most attractive young man in appearance. He had a good open face, which wore a quizzical expression, while about his eyes were the lines of good humour. I found my mind rebelling against the picture of him in a prison cell.

A few minutes later, despite his lawyer's eloquence, Lom was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The justice, or injustice, of it is not important now. As the sentence was announced, there came from behind me a piercing scream of anguish, and as I turned to look, I was just in time to catch the slender, satin-clad figure of a lovely Chinese girl as she pitched forward in a dead faint.

Masters helped me to carry her out into the fresh air. When he had done this, he hurried off, leaving me to revive her.

I have never been kicked under the heart by a balky mule, but I imagine that the sensation must be something like what happened to me when May Kwei—that was her name—fluttered back to conscious life and smiled up into my face. "Excuse me," she said in excellent English. "It was weak and foolish to faint . . . but I could not bear to think of poor Henry in prison. . . ."

My question shows only too plainly how my mind was working. "What is Henry Lom to you?" I asked.

"He is my cousin," she replied.

By the time I had driven her home I had heard the story of May Kwei's life. She had been born in Australia, where she took a university degree, and had come to China a matter of two years before.

Henry Lom, her cousin, was from San Francisco. He had come back to the land of his fathers and, according to May Kwei, had ever since been the object of police persecution.

What was Henry's occupation? A locksmith. May had the grace to blush as she said this. Might she come to see me some time? She might. I gave her my card—everyone in China carried cards in those days—and left her. I did not expect ever to see her again, if only because life in Shanghai was not geared to social relationship between a European and an attractive Chinese girl.

Two or three days later, when I arrived, around noon, May Kwei was waiting in the entrance of the *Comet* building. Sending out for two cups of coffee, I invited her into my office.

She wasted no time in coming to the point. "You are a good friend of Detective-Inspector Masters, are you not?" she asked. "I want you to arrange with him for some small comforts for Henry in that awful prison."

"I doubt whether Masters would be able to fix anything like that," I replied. "Anyway, what sort of comforts?"

"Henry likes to smoke a pipe of opium in the evenings," said May coolly. "It is a small thing, but it will mean much to Henry."

IT was this, said so carelessly, that should have awakened me to realization that May was at heart an outlaw. But it did not. I tried to convince her that she had come to the wrong man and that whatever friendship there might be between Masters and me would not stand the strain of such a request.

Then she wanted to know whether I would help her get a job. That was easy. Chinese girls with a good Western education were rare birds.

Most of all, she said she would like to be a reporter. She was well placed, she pointed out, to ferret out Chinese stories which no European could ever get.

Let me say in defence of my own sanity that, lovely and charming as she was, I did not want May Kwei anywhere near me during working hours. There were plenty of other distractions without that. But I promised to help her find a job.

The opportunity came sooner than I expected.

I ran into Masters next on the race course. "I didn't think that chap Henry Lom would get as much as two years," I remarked, "not on a minor charge like that."

"If I could prove the things I know—really know, mark you—about Henry Lom," said Masters viciously, "I could send him up for twenty years. I have a file on him a foot thick. I'll show it to you one day. But in the meantime, if it's a story you're looking for, go and see Gordon McIntyre."

GORDON MCINTYRE, whom I knew well, was sole agent in China for the Baldwin-Kerr Improved Safe, which in those days had a reputation second to none. At that time, most of the safes in use in China were fairly old, and Chinese safe-crackers were making hay. Gordon McIntyre, as I knew, was expecting to sweep the board.

"Thanks," I said to Masters. "I'll call on him. There could be a good story in it somewhere."

There was. The only snag was that I have had to wait thirty-five years before I dare tell it.

When I arrived at McIntyre's office, he was hopping mad.

"The more I know of these people," McIntyre said; inviting me to help myself to a drink and a cheroot, "the less I understand them. If there's a cock-eyed, hole-in-the-corner way of doing a thing, these Chinese will find it.

"By any standards, I'm trying to sell the best safe ever offered to the China market. I've a godown full of them. How many do you think I've sold? I'll tell you," he went on, without giving me the chance to reply, "I haven't sold one—not one single blasted safe. And why?"

"You tell me," I said.

"Because the Chinese believe that two years hence—less time off for good behaviour—the new model Baldwin-Kerr safe will be about as safe as a sardine can as a place to keep valuables. Ever hear of a man called Henry Lom? The Chinese believe the safe has not been made that he can't open."

"I know Lom," I said. "I was in the Mixed Court the other day when he got two years and, between ourselves, I think he had a pretty raw deal. But you ought to be delighted that he's safely in the calaboose. That gives you two years' grace before he gets to work on the new Baldwin-Kerr."

"That's how it may look to you," said McIntyre savagely, "but not to the Chinese. I have scores of customers lined up, willing and anxious to buy the new model, but they all sing the same song. With Henry Lom in quod for two years, they say, how do they know whether or not he'll be able to open the new Baldwin-Kerr as easily as he has opened every other make on the China market? What's the use of buying a new safe when the chances are that, when he comes out, Henry Lom will start going the rounds again? I get the same story everywhere—Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hankow. I think Lom has hypnotized them. And between ourselves, if I can't shake the story somehow, I shall go broke. Any ideas?"

I had some ideas, but I wasn't ready to say anything because I didn't know yet just how crazy they were.

"Give me a couple of days," I stalled, "and I may have something for you."

A day or two later, May Kwei called in to see if I had been able to land a job for her. I asked her what she thought about it all.

"It is all foolishness," she declared. "Poor Henry is not a thief." And, so help me, with that smile turned on me, I was inclined to believe her.

I sent her round to Gordon McIntyre with a note of introduction and no promises. The smile she gave me as she left started a lot of butterflies fluttering at the pit of my stomach. Half of me wished I had not let her go, while the other half, the sane half, hoped she would never come back.

While she was on the way I phoned Gordon McIntyre and told him who she was.

"You must be crazy," he told me. "What are my customers going to say if I hire Henry Lom's cousin? Anyway, how can she help?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Why not ask her yourself?"

NEXT day I learned that May Kwei was installed as telephonist in Gordon McIntyre's office and I could not smother a feeling of jealousy. But I was thankful that McIntyre, not I, had to cope with those incandescent smiles.

I was thankful too soon.

In those days, the *Comet* being a morning paper, everyone knew where I could be found in the evenings. Everyone included May Kwei. She had been a week on her new job when she came to see me.

"Poor Mr. McIntyre," she said after some preliminary sparring, "he cannot sell any safes . . . unless we help him."

"We?"

"Of course, because without you I can do nothing. You have friends in the police. I want to talk to Henry."

"I don't expect they will let you see him," I told her, "but I don't mind asking Masters. Why do you want to see Henry? To take him some opium?"

She wouldn't tell me, but, under the

"You know, I'd be lost without it"

By 'it' he means his account with Barclays —and of course there are reasons for his enthusiasm.

He knows very well that most of the people you deal with as you get on in the world take it for granted that you've got a bank account. *He* means to get on and we believe that he will. Of course, his success will be due to his own efforts—but that bank account will have helped quite a bit.

Naturally, he pays all his bills by cheque. Naturally, he lets 'standing orders' to Barclays take care of regular outgoings like rent, insurance premiums, hire purchase instalments and so on. He's started to invest his savings, and Barclays do all the detail work for him.

If you were a customer of Barclays we could probably help you, too.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

The Shanghai cracksman

continued from previous page

influence of that smile, I said I would do what I could.

"Any idea what it is she wants to see him about?" asked Masters when I broached the matter to him.

"None at all," I told him, "except that it may help McIntyre sell some Baldwin-Kerr safes. This surely is in your interest as much as McIntyre's. If these Baldwin-Kerr safes are as good as he says they are—and we'll take that with a pinch of salt—the sooner customers buy them, the better."

Masters agreed to have a chat with May Kwei. If she could persuade him that it was to the public interest for her to have a talk with Lom, he would put it up to his boss, Superintendent Dawkins.

To make it short, Masters fell for it and, after five minutes' exposure to May Kwei's scintillating smile, so did Superintendent Dawkins. May Kwei went off to the Boone Road jail.

Well, May Kwei was allowed a long talk with Lom. She gave her version of what passed to Gordon McIntyre, and he came to me to ask me to persuade Masters to agree to a proposition. This was it: he, Gordon McIntyre, would deliver to the prison one of the new Baldwin-Kerr safes. In it would be a certified cheque for five thousand dollars, Mexican, which would become Henry Lom's property on his release from prison *if he could open the safe*.

"Don't you see," McIntyre said to me, "there has to be some solid inducement to make Lom co-operate. Five thousand dollars and, if the authorities can be persuaded to co-operate, the promise of a reduced sentence should persuade Lom to do his damnedest.

"If he succeeds, I'm sunk, because my stock of safes will be worth scrap-iron prices. If he fails, the word will go around—and you can trust me to see to that—that the Baldwin-Kerr safe has licked Henry Lom. I shall sell every safe in stock and as many more as the makers can ship me. Is that plain?"

"It's plain enough," I replied, "but whose idea was it?"

"The girl's, or Lom's."

I had the feeling that McIntyre knew more than he was telling me.

I said I would think it over. That evening May Kwei paid me one of her unannounced visits. I have never cut a wounded deer's throat, but the look in her eyes that evening was what the hunter sees as he unsheathes the knife.

My critical faculties, never too strong in May's presence, vanished. My sales resistance went the same road. I began all right. "You know, May," I said, "you seem to be putting yourself to an awful lot of trouble—for a cousin."

"You do not understand," she said sadly, "because you are not Chinese. It is a great shame for the whole family for Henry to be in prison."

"It is a great shame for the whole family," I retorted, "for Henry to deserve to be in prison."

Then, after such a good start, May came snuggling along the desk and automatically it seemed, I found my arm around her. Even now there comes back to me over the years the irresistible appeal of that warm, slender, satin-clad body and the faint musk in the perfume she wore.

I swallowed it hook, line and sinker. It suddenly became important to me that Gordon McIntyre should sell his damned safes; that Henry Lom, who was lucky not to be inside for ten or twelve years, should be given an opportunity to regain his freedom.

Masters fell for it. And, with the consent of his immediate chief, he sold the idea to the Mixed Court Magistrate and Assessor who had sentenced Henry Lom. They agreed to the experiment. If Henry Lom succeeded in opening the safe, his sentence would come up for review. There was a condition that in this event Henry Lom would be escorted by police to a ship and must never again set foot in Shanghai.

Lom imposed conditions, too: he demanded the services of an assistant, naming a fairly competent safe-breaker, one Chung, who was then nearing the end of a three-year sentence in the same prison. There was another condition: that Lom and Chung should be permitted to work in absolute privacy.

PREJUDICE—1

Prejudices are the props of civilization.

André Gide

"The more I look at this deal, the more I like it," Masters admitted to me privately. "If the safe beats Lom, it will beat all the other safe-robbers in business in China. But if Lom can open it, the fact that he opened it will go into his record and then, if he ever puts a foot wrong again. . . ."

There was no need to complete the sentence.

During the next six weeks, or thereabouts, the only news from the prison was that Lom and Chung, working twelve hours daily, had thus far failed to open the Baldwin-Kerr safe. Lom pleaded for a further two weeks.

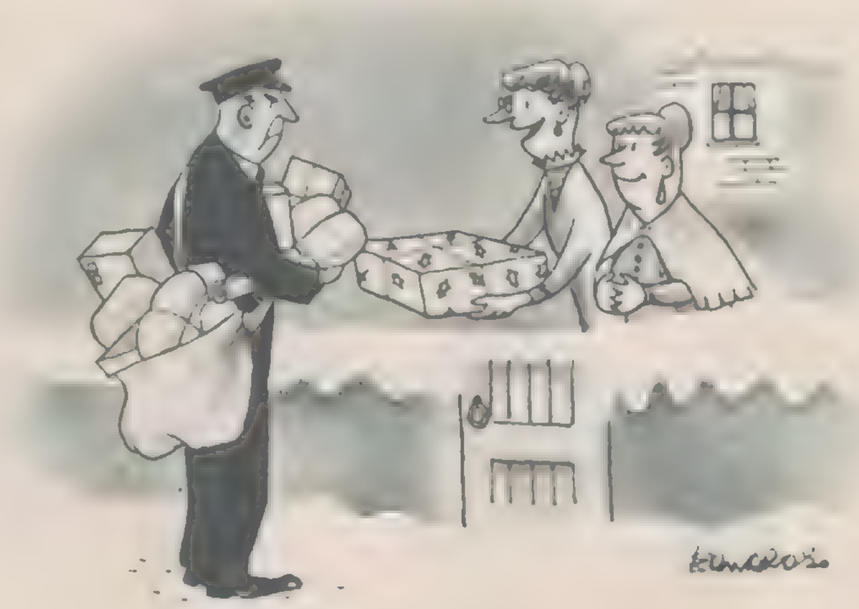
Two weeks later, Gordon McIntyre was informed officially that the safe had resisted all efforts to open it and that Lom and Chung had returned to work on the rockpile with the other prisoners. On the strength of this news McIntyre bought me one of the best dinners I ever ate in my life.

Afterwards, on returning to the office, I found May perched on the corner of my desk . . . at a safe distance.

"Poor Henry!" she said sadly. "He must have tried very hard."

I waited for it.

"Mr. McIntyre," she said silkily, "is most grateful. I am sure the police



"And this one's for you . . ."

are, too. Don't you think," she went on, watching me narrowly for the effect, "that if Mr. McIntyre would speak to the Magistrate and Assessor, they would reduce the sentence?"

"Why don't you suggest this to Mr. McIntyre?" I countered.

"It would come better from you," she said, switching on the wistful smile. Before I could get rid of her I had given her some kind of a promise.

McIntyre, to my astonishment, thought it a wonderful idea. "I'd like to see Lom stick around Shanghai," he said. "He's my best advertisement since the Baldwin-Kerr beat him. There's a new American safe just coming on the market here, the Pittsburgh Chilled Steel. It would suit me down to the ground if Henry Lom, as a personal favour, would crack a few of them before retiring from the game."

I NEVER did know just how it was worked but McIntyre told me soon afterwards that Lom had been promised that six months would be lopped off his sentence, provided his conduct remained good.

During the next months I began to feel like Santa Claus. Masters was all smiles when we met, for with the sale of some four hundred Baldwin-Kerr safes in Shanghai, his job had become a sinecure. Gordon McIntyre was making stacks of money.

May Kwei, whom I now saw seldom and then only by accident, was sweetly inscrutable and gracious to me. But oh, so distant. She was, she told me, living for the day when, with poor Henry out of prison, the disgrace would be lifted from her family.

A whole year had passed after Henry's defeat at the hands of the Baldwin-Kerr safe when I called one day at the Central Police Station. While I was there, I ran into Detective-Inspector Masters, whose smile did not seem to fit too well.

"Look at this," he said, leading me into his office and showing me a report.

The report said that, during the night, thieves had entered the premises of the New China Gem Company, near the intersection of Nanking and Honan roads. Two safes containing mostly unset gems and precious metals had been opened by an expert, without gelignite or oxy-acetylene blowtorch. The value of the loot was in the region of 2,200,000 dollars Mexican.

The safes were the latest model Baldwin-Kerr. And Henry Lom had the best of alibis: he was still in prison.

There followed in quick succession five more safe robberies, all of them from Baldwin-Kerrs of the latest type. Two of the victims were small Chinese banks, one a lottery shop, one a wealthy silk merchant and the last a suspected receiver of stolen property. Then the robberies ended as abruptly as they had begun, the total loot being around half a million pounds, British currency, mostly cash.

OVER the phone I asked Gordon McIntyre whether he had any comment. He had, but it was not printable. Detective-Inspector Masters, asked whether I might quote him to the effect that the police were baffled, was equally impolite.

Some six weeks later, with the full allowance for good conduct plus the six months' remission promised to him, Henry Lom was released. I went down to the ship in which he was being deported. As she pulled out into the stream of the Whangpoo River, May Kwei came out on deck and I was rewarded by one last sight of her dazzling, heart-warming smile as she stood there waving by Henry Lom's side. The ship was bound for Calcutta, but Henry Lom and May Kwei, I learned later, left it at Singapore.

Once more I believed that I had heard the last of these two, but it was not to be. Masters learned soon afterwards that Henry Lom and May Kwei—who were not related to each other—were married and living in splendid luxury.

At around this time Masters received a circular letter from the Singapore police, who reported a series of safe robberies. All the safes robbed were the latest Baldwin-Kerr model. In one of the robberies the thief had been disturbed at work and during his hasty departure from the scene of the crime had left there prints of a thumb and a forefinger. Could Shanghai help?

Shanghai could help. The prints corresponded with those of Chung, who had been Henry Lom's assistant.

Masters's face was congested with rage as he told me this. "It's as plain as a pikestaff," he snorted. "Chung was Lom's pupil. Lom, with eight weeks to study that safe, learned all there was to know about it."

"But that doesn't make sense," I objected. "If Lom was able to open the safe, why didn't he do so? He would have saved himself a year on the rockpile and would have been able to make a fresh start somewhere else on Gordon McIntyre's five thousand."

"But then, don't you see, he would have branded himself as a safe-breaker," said Masters. "Lom was too smart for that. He let Chung take all the risks, while he himself was safe in jail with an unbreakable alibi. The girl, you may be sure, kept tabs on Chung and saw to it that she got the agreed share of Chung's loot."

There is a sequel. Soon after the events recorded here, I left China. I had the story, but even that wasn't as good as I had hoped, for it foundered on an anti-climax.

DURING an air raid in 1942, I met Gordon McIntyre again in the basement of a London club. The Lom story, being the chief reminiscence we had in common, we harked back to it.

"Henry Lom was a pretty smart operator," I said. "And, for that matter, so was the girl."

"He was indeed," said Gordon McIntyre. "He was not only one of the cleverest locksmiths of his day, but an outstanding psychologist."

"Psychologist?" I echoed. "I don't see that."

"That's because you don't know something that I know," McIntyre said with a grin. "You see, what I never told a living soul at the time was that, when the safe came back from the prison to be taken back into stock, something was wrong with it. We couldn't open it because it had been re-set to a new combination."

"How does that make Lom a psychologist?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that," replied McIntyre with what I can only describe as an evil grin. "You remember, don't you, that inside the safe when it was sent down to the prison was a certified cheque for five thousand dollars?"

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "what I thought it best not to mention at the time was that, three days after the safe went down to the prison, I learned from my bank that *the certified cheque had been cashed by May Kwei.*

"How many safes would I have sold if that story had leaked? That's why I say that Lom, or the girl, was psychologist enough to realize that intelligent self-interest kept my mouth shut. The five thousand dollars, of course, I charged to advertising—and cheap at the price?" THE END

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LUST

The tempting door to disaster

by Gilbert Harding

A GREAT deal of fuss has been made lately over a novel which describes a sordid affair between a middle-aged man and a twelve-year-old girl. Some critics attacked the book as obscene, pornographic, corrupting, a menace to the young; others defended it as a work of art.

I don't propose to say what I think of it, but I do think that the fuss was out of all proportion to the book's importance.

The truth is that young people today, who are those who might be supposed to be corrupted by such a book, have no need at all to open a book in search of sexual stimulation. Their problem is how to avoid it.

A whole tribe of specialists in films, advertising, television, newspapers, does nothing but preach the all importance of sex. In our city streets we cower beneath twenty-foot representations of Monroe, Mansfield and their half-naked imitators.

In the week I am writing this, one Sunday paper has ten pictures of half-dressed women in it. Sex drags its way drearily through the few provincial theatres left open. Naked girls smile at us from bookshop windows.

Sniggering insult

This constant, sniggering titivation of the senses for commercial purposes is an insult to decent people, and it's no wonder that a bishop complained lately that there is too much in our public life that "inflames lust, and on which lust can feed and thrive."

The dictionaries tell us that lust is a "powerful or overmastering desire," and it generally means for something we would be better without. Used as the name of one of the ugliest of the seven deadly sins, it normally means lust for sexual indulgence.

Let me say at once that there is nothing wrong in sexual appetite in itself. The pleasure is no more sinful than the pleasure attached to taste, smell and the ordinary liking for comfort. The sexual appetite is intended to ensure the future of the race.

But when lust gets the better of us, when we become its habitual victims, then it leads to every kind of evil and disaster.

The Don Juan, the great ladies' man, does nothing really to enhance the dignity of manhood, and almost invariably loses his own, and his reputation as well. The unfrocked priest, the disbarred doctor or dentist, the well-respected local man who gives money to schoolgirls to let him photograph them in "pin-up" positions—what wretched figures they make when the folly of their lust is public knowledge.

Let us just consider for a moment the unhealthy interest which people have in the broken romances or repeated marriages of the titled, the rich, the famous or notorious.

I do not believe that adultery is the chief cause of broken marriages, though it is the main legal ground on which divorce is granted, but those people who give way to lustful desire for the company of another man or woman are certainly more likely to end in the divorce courts than those who do not.

Who are we to judge? say the cynics. It's fair comment. None of us is entitled to judge anybody else, but what about the children of broken marriages, what about the evil of gossip?

Is the public any better off for the widely publicised "revelations" and "confidences," sometimes more politely disguised as "reminiscences"?

Even those of us who are not married know that marriage calls for sacrifice, for concessions, for restraint. These are great virtues; to leave them behind for the sake of a furtive lust is both selfish and foolish.

The civilization in which we live demands discipline. Too many excuses are made for over-indulgence. None of them angers me more than the often quoted: "After all, we are only human." "Only" is the wrong word. It is just because we have human dignity, human awareness of what is decent and what is not, that lust, with its artificially inflamed desires, is evil.

Penalty is disgrace

People who are determined to satisfy their sexual desire at all costs rarely realize what this means. The pursuit of love in the physical sense leads to the spending of money which might and should be better spent, to the waste of time, and the risk of health. It opens the door to blackmail, disgrace, disease and a host of lesser troubles.

The avaricious man may find it easier than some others to resist lust, but that does him no credit. The motive for resisting lust must be generous, not mean and sour. The early English poet, William Langland, said: "Chastity without charity is but a barren tree."

And let us not get mixed up about the meaning of chastity. Chastity is not celibacy, nor virginity. It is the opposite of lust, the avoidance of excess—in a word, discipline. THE END

NEXT WEEK: The deadly sin of anger

They're turning panto upside down again

continued from page 17

male heart-throb *in*. The second was that the songs were actually written for the show.

This latter change, easily the more revolutionary, brought Fielding his most abusive mailbag. For traditionally pantomime is a hotch-potch, containing no new songs. In Victorian and Edwardian days its useful function was to popularize existing works. Thus, "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," "Let's All Go Down The Strand," "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" and "If You Want To Know The Time Ask A Policeman," while all introduced in London music halls, got into the national repertoire only through pantomime.

Fielding, aware that this function was now being performed rather more swiftly by other, electronic agencies, was not perturbed by the letters of protest. Instead, encouraged by the box-office takings (his *Cinderella* had a longer run and was seen by more people than any pantomime in history), he planned his next assault.

The result, *Aladdin*, opens at the London Coliseum this week.

Unique this century

It is, by any standards, the most extraordinary pantomime of the century. Cole Porter has written the music and lyrics. Robert Helpmann has choreographed and directed it. And Loudon Sainthill, a bemused and wayward genius from Australia (already spoken of as more extravagant in imagination than Beaton), is responsible for costumes and décor.

Such executive lushness has already provoked polite amusement in the purlieus where pantomime kings meet. "Somebody," one of them says, "should really straighten Fielding out on the facts of pantomime life."

The comment has substance, for pantomime economics are unique—and have frequently proved a trap for the unwary. A new pantomime rarely pays its way the first season; to show a profit it must be performable all over the country.

Suburban and small-town productions are normally calculated to cost between £5,000 and £10,000. More ambitious shows "travelled" by small pantomime kings (a technical term for an impresario with three or more pantomimes on the go) are budgeted between £15,000 and £20,000.

Towns with number one theatres attract such pantomime kings as Emile Littler and Tom Arnold. Their productions (assembled respectively in Oozells Street and in Reigate) are lavishly dressed, carry the top variety stars, have at least one big transformation scene and cost anything between £30,000 and £50,000. Fielding's problem with *Aladdin* was of a totally different order. His budget for scenery and costumes alone was £80,000, and the total commitment, he says, nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

To fill the stage

Also, because the show has been designed entirely for the enormous acreage of the Coliseum stage (every inch of which has been filled by Sainthill's riotous creations) and requires the services of thirty ballet dancers, twenty chorus girls and six tumblers, apart from the named cast, provincial bookings are likely to be somewhat rarer than snowballs in the demon king's domain.

How, then, does he aim to recoup? By going out for longer runs, say his critics. And longer runs, they fear, will mean that the already tenuous links with the old style of "Christmas entertainment" will be broken, and that pantomime will gradually die.

Fielding, while energetically denying any intention to kill off pantomime (he believes that he is returning to an earlier tradition of pure spectacle uninterrupted by knockabout variety), does nothing to allay these fears.

"If I put on a show that costs as much as *My Fair Lady*, why should I restrict it unnaturally to a three- or four-month run?" he asks. "And who says pantomime has *got* to be played only at Christmas?"

That no immutable law decrees this to be the case is true. Early pantomime played all the year round; December-opening began only in 1750 when the great Garrick, fearing the box-office inroads of his rival, John Rich the pantomimist, put on his first Drury Lane pantomime. It was called *Queen Mab*, opened on Boxing Day "for a short season," and so began the Christmas tradition.

Fairytales—and juvenile interest—were introduced only about a hundred years ago when producers ran out of conventional stories.

Even with children in the audience, pantomime (the word means "all-imitating") has always been allowed considerable licence. Based on the Roman saturnalia, its traditional aim is to create a topsy-turvy world in which boys are girls, dames are men, masters fear their servants—and saucy remarks go unpunished.

In one London pantomime of 1841, a giant stork was introduced carrying a multitude of babies and inscribed "Prince A's Special." The audacious comment on the private life of the queen's fertile consort brought the house down twice a day for ten weeks.

Despite the opposition of traditionalists, pantomime has been changing its form roughly every fifty years. The first change was when dumb-show gave way to rhymed couplets, and an elaborate system of stage formalities was built up—fairies always entering from the left, witches from the right, and the demon king, somewhat abruptly and in a cloud of brimstone, vertically through a trapdoor.

The arrival of the transformation scene, which interfered with stage positioning by requiring mechanical revolves and other gadgets, largely put an end to this convention—and itself held pride of place in the pantomime for nearly half a century.

Nymphs of abandon

These transformation scenes bore titles as splendid as the spectacles they described. One was called "The Opal Throne of the Amazonian Queen in the Golden Vale of Pendant Gems." Another, "The Bower of Fairy Coral 'Neath the Silvery Sea," showed seashells opening to disclose recumbent nymphs in attitudes of such luxurious abandon it regularly stopped the show.

The transformation scene, as the main attraction of the show, began to go out when the "music hall contingent" arrived towards the end of the last century. These cheerful invaders riveted attention again on the performers and brought several new elements to the show—robust vulgarity, knockabout humour, and, not least, a line of strapping young women as principal boys.

One of the first, Lydia Thompson, had such a formidable physique, she actually thrashed an editor who had been less than gallant to the ladies of her troupe.

What pantomime is suffering from today, Fielding thinks, is that the music hall tradition has gone on too long. Before signing up for *Aladdin*, he toured the country seeing every pantomime he could. "I was appalled at the sketchiness of it and the way that variety acts were trundled on without any regard for the plot. It's hard to know what kind of audience this is intended for."

One answer is provided by a leading theatre ticket agent who, puzzled by the problem himself, counted the house at a big provincial theatre one night. "I was amazed to find that practically everybody in the audience looked more than sixty," he says.

Fielding is convinced that this has to change, if the great reaper is not to claim most of the audience. "We have to build a new kind of show that all the little kids will want to watch with their eyes popping out," he says. "It must be part musical, part panto, and very fast. And it's got to provide a huge visual experience—the kind the Victorians knew."

Loudon Sainthill agrees, but is resigned to the fact that the experience cannot be as huge as it was.

Four-minute fortune

He recently costed a transformation scene from one big Victorian pantomime and found that at today's prices it worked out at £6,000—for an effect that lasted less than four minutes. With twenty-three such scenes to plan, he had to control his own exuberance; but has dreamed up a few effects, he thinks, that should win some rewarding gasps from the audience.

One gimmick had ruefully to be abandoned.

The idea was to attach to each programme a blue-lighting safety match and the instruction: *Magic Lamp—Do not rub till Aladdin commands.* It was hurriedly dropped when the shocked fire insurers called urgently on Fielding and suggested new insurance rates.

It was while discussing this gimmick that Bob Monkhouse, who plays Aladdin, fell foul of the law. Driving to Birmingham to compère a television quiz, he was speaking on his car telephone to Fielding in London when a third voice joined the conversation.

"If that is Aladdin in the American Oldsmobile," said a voice from a following police car, "will he kindly draw in to the side of the road? His magic rear lamps are defective."

Perhaps because *Aladdin* is the most exotic and expensive to produce of all pantomimes, it is only fourth in the list of those most performed. Easily leading the field is *Cinderella* (with more than four hundred known versions of the story), followed by *Babes In The Wood* and *Dick Whittington*. The least popular is *Sinbad*; a jinx is supposed to attach to this pantomime and few old-time managers will touch it. Equally unpopular fifty years ago, and for the same reason, was *Bluebeard*: it is seldom put on today.

Although pantomime is performed regularly only in Britain, few of the stories originated here. *Cinderella, The Sleeping Beauty* and *Bluebeard* are French; *Jack And The Beanstalk* and *Little Red Riding Hood* German; and *Puss In Boots* Italian. Only *Dick Whittington* and *Babes In The Wood* (said to be based on the murder of the two princes in the Tower) are entirely British.

The fate of Fielding's 1959 *Aladdin* will be watched with acute interest in the next few months. If the gamble comes off, revolutionary changes can be expected in Oozells Street and other outposts of fairyland. If it doesn't, a new name will be added to the list of innovators who have burned their fingers in the theatre. THE END

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

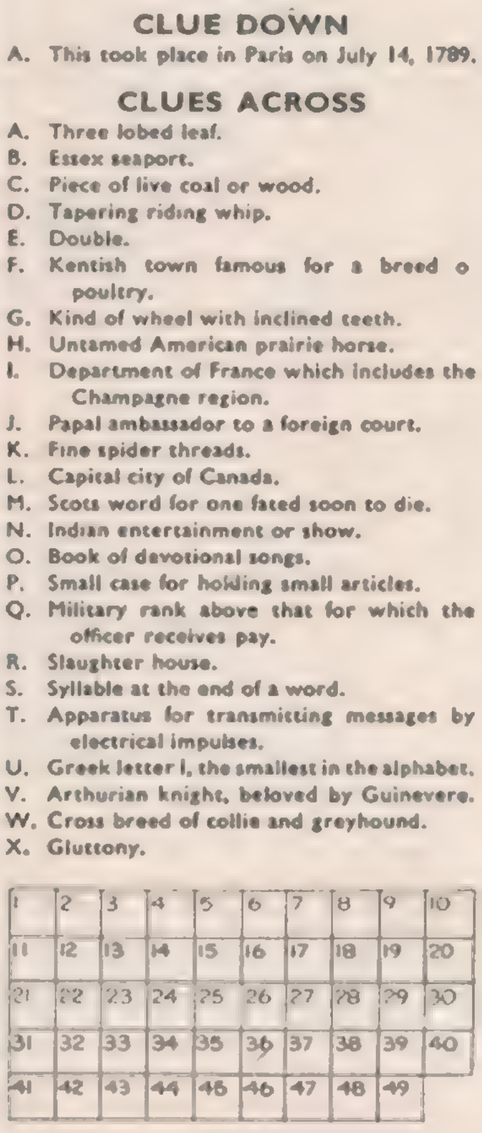
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

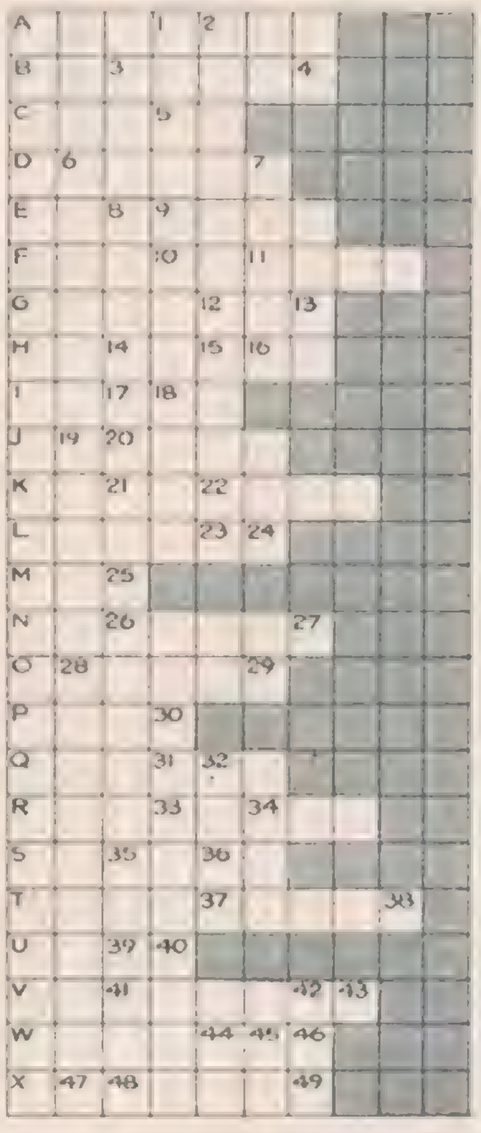
CLUE DOWN

A. This took place in Paris on July 14, 1789.

CLUES ACROSS

A. Three lobed leaf.
B. Essex seaport.
C. Piece of live coal or wood.
D. Tapering riding whip.
E. Double.
F. Kentish town famous for a breed o poultry.
G. Kind of wheel with inclined teeth.
H. Untamed American prairie horse.
I. Department of France which includes the Champagne region.
J. Papal ambassador to a foreign court.
K. Fine spider threads.
L. Capital city of Canada.
M. Scots word for one fated soon to die.
N. Indian entertainment or show.
O. Book of devotional songs.
P. Small case for holding small articles.
Q. Military rank above that for which the officer receives pay.
R. Slaughter house.
S. Syllable at the end of a word.
T. Apparatus for transmitting messages by electrical impulses.
U. Greek letter I, the smallest in the alphabet.
V. Arthurian knight, beloved by Guinevere.
W. Cross breed of collie and greyhound.
X. Gluttony.





BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Mike Collins usually leaves home in the mornings with just enough time to walk to the bus stop, catch a bus and travel to the railway station. The bus trip is exactly one mile.

Sometimes when he feels energetic he leaves home ten minutes early. Then he ignores the bus stop and walks straight on to the station, getting there at the same time as the bus.

The bus averages 12 m.p.h. during its trip. Mike's walking speed is constant.

How fast does he walk?

HOW TURN TO PAGE 11 FOR THE ANSWERS

goes the question-mark from your Christmas shopping!

For every man on your Christmas list— BRĪ-NYLON socks! Now in an endless variety of colours—wonderfully soft with a smooth, snug fit. BRĪ-NYLON means not only the smartest thing in socks but also the right type of nylon for the socks you choose. Look for the BRĪ-NYLON mark—your sure buying-guide this Christmas and ever after.

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Dare we disarm?

continued from page 10

compete. I think Khruschev has grasped this fact and, as it is quite obvious and quite indisputable, I do not despair of its being grasped by Western statesmen.

Why are the obvious arguments for disarmament not universally admitted both in the East and in the West? The reasons, I think, are partly rational and partly mere instinctive obstacles to rationality. It is not wholly irrational for one side to regard as a trick any disarmament proposals proceeding from the other side, and the possibility of a trick is heightened by Russia's extreme reluctance, at various times, to permit adequate inspection.

If Mr. Khruschev's present disarmament proposal is to be accepted, adequate safeguards in the way of inspection must, clearly, form part of the agreement. But it would be a terrible mistake if suspicion were to cause the West to reject a disarmament treaty without first ascertaining whether adequate inspection would be permitted. And I think the East, also, has had grounds for suspecting Western tricks—for example, when the West has proposed, for propaganda purposes, measures only suggested because it knows the East will reject them.

A second more or less rational argument is that the economy of the West, and especially of the United States, is geared to the production of armaments and that a great depression would be unavoidable if this suddenly ceased.

Peace means boom

This view is often proclaimed as if it were an indisputable truth, but those who are in the best position to judge take a different view. There is an American monthly called *Nation's Business*, which is the organ of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. In October, 1959, it published an article entitled "What Peace Would Do To You." This article says, among other things, "Any abrupt softening of cold-war pressures —if it comes—can bring this country a boom, not the recession suggested by such phrases as 'peace scare'."

The article points out that the remission of taxation which would be rendered possible would lead to a large increase of consumer spending, and it supports this view by figures as to what has happened after previous reductions of military spending in 1919 and 1945.

It should be emphasized that *Nation's Business* is not a propaganda organ and is not primarily concerned with questions of international politics.

But I think the real strength of the opposition to disarmament comes not from quasi-rational grounds, but from the purely instinctive mechanism which has been built up in human beings by six millennia of organized war. When a country feels itself threatened by another country or group of countries, the first instinct of everyone who thinks about the matter is to say: "We must make ourselves strong enough for defence if war should come, or, better still, strong enough to deter our enemies from attacking us."

It is this way of thinking which makes it so difficult to end the cold war by conciliation. The method of conciliation does not satisfy national pride and does not afford the sense of dominant power which unthinking patriots desire. There are even people who, in other respects, are not below the average of rationality, who yet think, where the present conflict of ideologies is concerned, that any degree of damage to the West, even to the extent of obliterating the whole population, would be worthwhile if it were accompanied by equal damage to the East.

It is, to my mind, amazing that anybody can think that the defeat of Communism is more important than the continued existence of our species. But perhaps the study of history should have prepared one for this kind of fanaticism. In the last days of the Byzantine Empire, the government of Constantinople preferred defeat by the Mohammedans to becoming "Azymites" like Western Christians. One could multiply such examples, but they have not, in the past, had the tragic importance which modern fanaticism derives from nuclear power.

The danger from nuclear weapons is one which threatens the whole human race and not only this or that party or nation. It is a danger which makes no distinction between rich and poor, white and coloured, Christian and pagan, Communist and capitalist. Nevertheless, those in the West who point out the dangers inherent in nuclear warfare are regarded as traitorous friends of Russia, and are, in fact, mainly of the non-Communist Left in politics.

The only explanation that I can see for this curious fact is that most of those who are on the Right in politics are incapable of admitting the facts of the modern world because these facts make their creed absurd. I think we must hope that the reasons in favour of nuclear disarmament, which are entirely non-party, will come to be accepted by the governments of all important countries. Some people will say that the obstacle to a rational treatment of the problem lies, not with governments, but with public opinion. Public opinion, however, in such a difficult and technical problem is necessarily guided by what it is told.

At present the governments of East and West try to create a public opinion in which populations will die quietly without realizing, in advance, that this fate was being prepared for them. The governments, in this respect, are supported by those whose instinct it is to be always on the side of authority. They are supported, also, by the greater part of the press and by the pronouncements of scientists in government employ. And, among the elderly, there are many who think that the cataclysm will not come in their lifetime.

But more important than any of these forces is the natural disinclination to think about unpleasant subjects which, it is felt, may well be left to those whom they professionally concern.

Dishonest schemes

All this would be different if all governments could be induced to face the dangers, and to realize the new approach to international relations which these dangers necessitate. If the governments did not devote themselves to keeping their populations ignorant and developing palpably dishonest schemes of civil defence, public opinion would soon become quite different from what it is. There is much reason to hope that the governments of both East and West are learning wisdom, and that something like Mr. Khruschev's proposal will be agreed to.

It would be a mistake, however, to think that the problems raised by nuclear weapons can be solved by disarmament alone. There must also be an agreed method of settling international disputes by means of an agreed international authority. Until this is done, wars will still be possible and, if prolonged, they will lead to the renewed manufacture of nuclear weapons.

So long as war remains possible, the nuclear danger will remain, and the future of our species will be at the mercy of powerful fanatics. If the grandchildren of the present generation are to live to maturity, the problem of the permanent prevention of war will have to be solved. The problem is difficult and its solution requires new ways of thinking.

What is needed is the habit of dwelling upon mankind as a whole, rather than upon this or that section, and a realization of the fact that the common interests of our species far outweigh the separate interests of this or that group. Many may have difficulty in acquiring this new outlook, but the urgency is such that perhaps hope is not wholly Utopian.

THE END

Poet in the Garden

Time passes, and the proud chrysanthemum
Is now a towselled mop, the time has come
To cut these hard. Leave but a three inch stem
Then stand the pots aside, first labelling them.
Soon shoots will form, and spring up from the ground.
Select, for cuttings, sturdy, firm-stemmed, sound
Shoots, and in compost blended well with sand
Set them to root. Fresh mint is in demand.
Lift roots and plant in boxes, parsley, too.
Put old roots in the frame, they'll soon lift new
Fresh, crispy fronds to wreathe your winter food.
In dry and frost-free days spray fruit, for good
And pest clear crops. Use tar oil washes now,
But watch, they burn. Protect all plants below.
Plant outdoor vines, and in your frost-nipped haze
Dream of the wine-red, vintage summer days!

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Five golden sovereigns

continued from page 8

was pale. She looked, Frank thought with an inward start of surprise, as though she had been crying.

Sir William started to speak, while Frank just stood there helplessly, feeling like a yokel. He was sharply aware, too, that, though the words Sir William was saying were words of thanks, his tone was formal and constrained.

Then Sir William came to the end of his speech, and walked forward to present Frank with "some slight material expression of our gratitude."

Five golden sovereigns. Frank stared at them as they lay there in his hand. The sight of them marked the final end of his dream. . . .

There was only one thing to do, and that was to go away. Far away. Miss Mary came rushing down to the stables later that same day and, weeping, begged him distractedly to take her with him. But Frank knew that that could never be. He had five cold, hard golden sovereigns to remind him that he and Miss Mary came from different worlds; and that those worlds could never meet.

He gave his mother four of the sovereigns, kept one of them to remind him never to be such a fool again, and left Madingley the next morning.

And she had never married.

Frank Hodgson, three times married and three times divorced, walked back down the drive.

He was thinking now of his parents, with a heavy sense of guilt even at this long remove of time. From the day of his leaving them he had never written to them or tried to get in touch with them in any way. He had been hurt so badly that he wanted only to forget Madingley and everyone who lived there, even them.

Then he thought again of the strange way in which the present had repeated the past; Miss Mary and the stable boy; Julie and the lad from the garage.

Were they in love? Perhaps. He remembered the way Julie had spoken about the boy, the inflections of her voice and the look in her eyes.

He remembered too what Doctor Pennington had said: *Young Jimmy Thorpe's a nice lad. . . . But I'm pretty sure there's only one thing he would want from you. . . .* That meant that Pennington, at least, had noticed it all right. . . .

WHEN he became conscious of his surrounding again, Frank had almost reached the village street. He stopped and looked back. The Hall was no longer in sight. He went on. Just ahead now was Madingley church.

The garage was just beyond the church. Jimmy Thorpe was filling the tank of a tradesman's van. Frank stopped and waited. When the van drove away, the boy came over. He was tall and well-built, dark-haired but fresh-looking, with an honest, open face and clear, direct eyes.

Frank said, "Hallo, Jimmy."

The boy said: "Hallo, Mr. Hodgson." And then, eagerly, anxiously: "How is . . . Miss Hodgson today? Still getting on all right?"

Frank had already thanked the boy for saving his daughter's life. There remained the matter of the reward. He could give him five golden sovereigns. Or. . . .

He didn't know whether there was anything serious between Julie and this English boy or not. But he did know that, whatever there was, however great or little chance it might have of ever coming to anything, he was not going to obstruct it in any way.

He grinned at the lad. He said: "She's doing fine. I'm going to see her this afternoon. Why don't you take a little time off and come with me?"

THE END

© *John Davies, 1959*

Bargains in whitewood

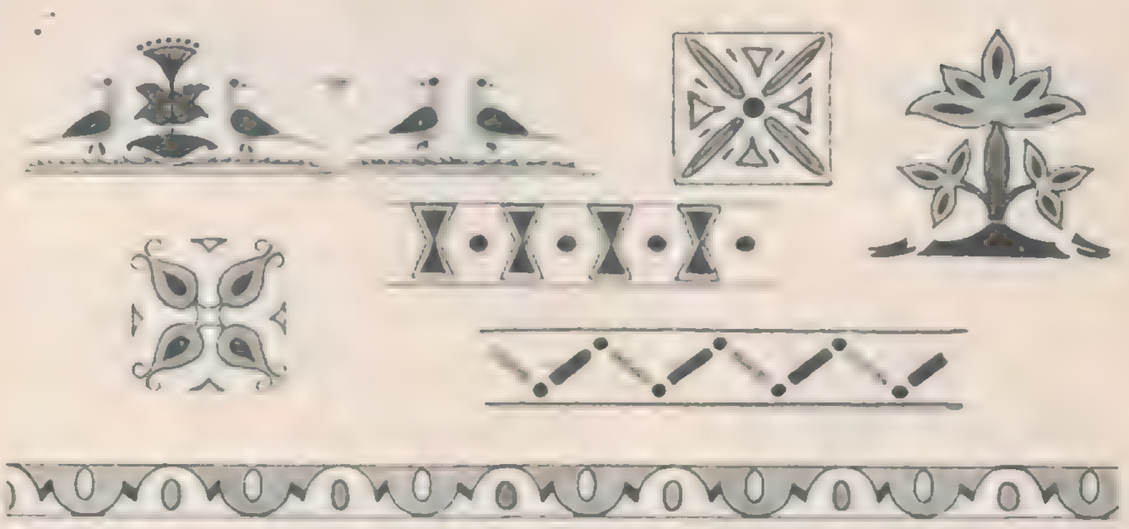
High prices can make furnishing expensive. Cut costs by buying whitewood and finishing it yourself

Painted furniture is fun to own, particularly when you have decorated it yourself. Start by smoothing the surface of the wood with sandpaper, and follow up with a coat of primer. Put on an undercoat, smooth lightly with glasspaper and finish with a good enamel paint. Choose a motif to decorate the furniture, and trace it on to the doors, drawers or frame. Here my daughter, Jancis, decorates a "Liden" four-drawer chest, price 6 gns., with a star motif to match her bedroom wallpaper

Plastic film makes drawers clean and smart

Red and white Fablon stick-on plastic sheet, with a bright design is teamed with matching red paint on this nursery cupboard made by W. Lusty & Sons, about £5 11s. 9d. The plastic can be wiped clean if it gets dirty, and is easy to replace. Line the insides of the drawers at the same time, to keep them clean and dust free

The Fablon must be mitred at the corners to sit flat. Cut a slot, diagonally, as shown, and fold the two sides over, to make a neat finish. Remove the handles before you begin: replace later



Use simple motifs which can be traced and painted with a fine brush, or two-colour designs which you can stencil. Make a stencil for each colour

WHITEWOOD furniture used to be very cheap and rather nasty. It would serve, at a pinch, for the kitchen or children's rooms, but was too much of a poor relation to be allowed in the living-room or the best bedroom. All this has changed. Most of the whitewood furniture in the shops today is well designed and well made. It costs about half as much as the equivalent pieces in polished hardwood. All it lacks is a finish.

If you are not sufficiently skilled to make your own furniture but are handy and energetic enough to paint, stain, or face it, then whitewood pieces may be your best way of furnishing on the cheap or of filling gaps in your existing scheme at prices you can easily afford to pay.

Choose your pieces with care. Some hardwood furniture, sold in an unfinished state, can be a great deal more expensive than ordinary whitewood pieces and not much cheaper than the fully finished product. At the other end of the scale there is still some shoddy whitewood furniture which may be temptingly cheap but will never look handsome however hard you work on it.

Fortunately whitewood furniture wears its pedigree on its sleeve. It has no face-saving murky varnish or colouring to conceal its real value. You can see at a glance the quality of wood and workmanship. Most of the better furniture is made of the softer African hardwoods; some with mahogany-faced ply.

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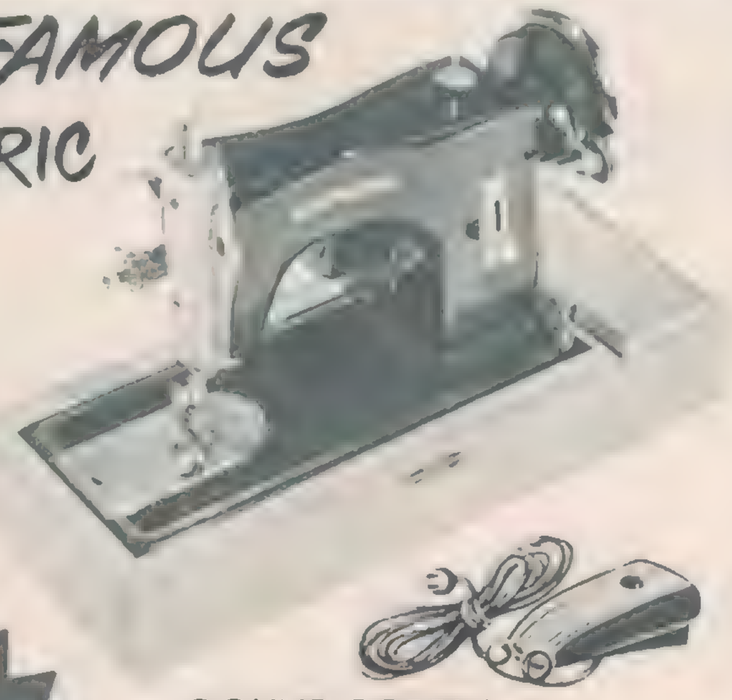

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continued from previous page

definitely essential, to protect the surface of the wood from dirt and damp. If the grain and colour of the wood are pleasant, a clear polish or coating with a plastic seal will give a good finish. Linseed oil darkens the wood slightly, and gives a matt finish which is easy on the eye. For a darker colour, use a wood dye, and finish with polish or sealer.

For a matt black finish, paint with blackboard paint. This is particularly effective with light-coloured drawer fronts and matching black handles. Or paint the whole surface with gloss or semi-gloss paint, and decorate it with a small motif, like those shown on the previous page. You can find ideas for motifs in pottery, wallpaper or dress fabrics.

Before starting on the finishing process, you should smooth down carefully the whole surface of the furniture.

This is only given a rough finish at the factory, and how well you smooth it down will affect the quality of your finish. Use fine glass-paper or steel wool and, for a really fine finish, rub down in the same way between each coat of paint.

For the bedroom

To make a useful corner dressing table out of a small whitewood chest, buy a ¾-in. plywood or blockboard top to fit into your recess, cover it with Formica, edge to match, then stick to the top of the chest, with one edge flush with the side of the chest, and the other sticking out on the opposite side. Stick matching Formica to the drawer fronts. Put in position and support the free edge with a wall-mounted batten

Place for books

Staining: Colron wood dye sinks deep into the fibres of the wood. Apply with a pad of coarse, lint-free cloth. Allow 6 hours to dry

After this you can finish either with several applications of a good wax polish, or with a wipe-clean sealer. Here Ronseal is applied

The finished bookcase, after three coats of Ronseal. Allow each coat to dry for 6–8 hours. Rub down the semi-final coat with steel wool

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Too many ghosts

continued from page 16

with him, or he with her, but he went off to war and married a girl from the French underground, and that ended that. They had a child, and then she died—the French wife, I mean. If Sir Richard wanted to resume with Isobel, this might be an opportunity, might it not?"

Hero said: "My impression was that Isobel is a resigned spinster and that Sir Richard's interests are otherwise engaged."

Meg said: "M-m-m, yummy! Gossip!"

"The American—Susan Marshall," Hero declared. "It was all sort of fun and games and musical chairs until something nasty got into her room one night and had her by the throat. That put the wind up Sir Richard for fair."

Meg asked: "Is it all true?"

Hero replied: "Half of it, perhaps—a quarter, even, if I'm lucky."

"When will you go there?"

"Tomorrow."

MEG looked at her stepbrother with a curious expression on her face. "You're pleased about this, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, enormously," he said. "The harp, you know—for the first time it looks as though there might be a breakthrough. If I could hear it with my own ears, see it with my own eyes. Just once. . . ."

His lean face had become fired with excitement and enthusiasm, and his stepsister watched him with a wistful smile as she concluded for him: "Just once—something genuine. And what if it isn't?"

The light went out of Hero's face and his mouth set in the hard lines that made his stepsister sometimes a little afraid of him. "Then they'll wish they had never been born," he said.

There was a silence between them then for a moment, after which Hero said: "Look here, Meg, with a nun dead some four hundred years supposed to be gliding about the place, and people ready to swear that they have seen her. . . ."

"You may be wanting me," Meg said.

"Yes."

Meg toyed with a piece of bread, moulding it between her long fingers. She said: "Call me if you think you need me, Sandro—I will come immediately, you know that. Don't wait too long."

She laid one of her graceful hands upon his arm and said: "I don't like the sound of any of this. Please take care of yourself."

Hero nodded rather absent-mindedly, for he was occupied with reflections upon what she had told him, and therefore was quite unaware of the urgency and concern in her voice, or the tenderness of her eyes as they rested upon him. . . .

NEXT day, driving his cream and black Bentley across the Suffolk border into Norfolk, Alexander Hero gave himself up for the moment to the enjoyment of the countryside. He would reach Paradine Hall before lunch now, instead of in the late afternoon.

He had acted upon impulse and departed in the morning.

Hero wondered what reception would be accorded an investigator who turned up unannounced for lunch, when he was scheduled to arrive before dinner. He was not at all prepared for what he found upon his arrival there.

He drove his car up the broad avenue of approach, with its splendid opening up of park, moated garden and the stately Tudor manor.

There was some construction going on in the grounds in front of the house, apparently something to do with the drains, for there was a deep ditch with a barrier and several lanterns hung from it to be lit as warnings at night, and also what appeared to be a large conservatory window boarded up.

Hero glanced at his calendar watch; it was shortly before twelve o'clock of a Sunday morning, the thirteenth of July. He proceeded to the doors beneath the central tower and sounded the bell.

There was a long wait and no one came, so he rang again. This time the carved oaken doors were swung open by exactly the venerable type of butler he expected to see. Hero said: "Would you be so good as to announce my arrival to Lord Paradine. The name is Hero—Alexander Hero. I am expected."

The butler looked worried. "I am afraid I cannot disturb his lordship at this moment," he said. "They are about to begin the — ah — the ceremony."

Hero looked up in surprise. "Eh?" he said. "What's that? What ceremony?"

The butler replied somewhat stiffly: "That is not for me to say, sir." He indicated a small ante-room. "Would you care to wait, sir, until it is over?"

Hero decided upon intransigence. "No," he said succinctly. "I would not." He extracted a card from his case and handed it to the butler. "Would you please hand this at once to Lord Paradine—or, if he is not about, see that it reaches Sir Richard Lockerie."

The butler returned in a few moments and said: "Will you come this way, sir?"

For an instant, as he was led through the high double doors into the oak-panelled and bannered great hall, Hero was under the weird impression that he had somehow managed to blunder into a television studio just before the shooting of a scene.

PREJUDICE—2

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

Duchesse d'Abrantes

At the centre of the vast hall, by the twenty-foot long oak refectory table, stood a grey-haired clergyman in cassock and surplice, pink-faced, wavy hair nicely parted. In one hand he held an open book, in the other an asperger for the sprinkling of holy water.

There were some thirty people standing about in little clusters in the hall, and the effect was all the more curious because the women seemed to be dressed up as though for church, and were wearing their hats, while the men were clad in country suits or tweed jackets and stood, ill at ease, with their hands crossed before them.

As Hero entered the hall, all of the static figures stirred suddenly and turned their heads to look at him. The clergyman somewhat testily closed his book, and put down his asperger.

Oh Lord! thought Hero, *there's going to be an exorcism. I should have come earlier.* It was his experience that the one thing that ghosts, real or fancied, did not react to in a kindly manner was the service of exorcism.

As he followed the butler across the hall, Hero saw Sir Richard Lockerie standing next to a man with rather protruding eyes. This, then, would be Lord Paradine.

Sir Richard came forward and greeted him warmly: "Hero, delighted to see you. This is a surprise, isn't it? We hadn't expected you until later."

Paradine's welcome was markedly less enthusiastic. He extended his hand almost absent-mindedly and said: "So glad you could come."

The clergyman in his vestments came over, causing Lord Paradine apparently more embarrassment. Sir Richard, too, seemed suddenly somewhat ill at ease. He said: "Witherspoon, may I present Alexander Hero, who has come here to assist us?"

The vicar extended a likewise limp hand and said: "How do you do? I understand you have been called in because of the rather unhappy manifestations here. However, your presence may not be necessary. I have persuaded Lord and Lady Paradine to permit me to conduct an exorcism."

An extraordinarily large, fat and gross young man with lank hair, polyp mouth and insolent eyes said to Hero: "The Rev.'s going to get his licks in first. You must get in line, old boy."

Lord Paradine and Sir Richard simply ignored the young man and his remark, and Hero did likewise, replying non-committally to Witherspoon: "Yes, I see."

"You have no objections, have you?" asked the vicar, with more aggressiveness than seemed called for.

Hero said smoothly: "I should have preferred the opportunity of looking about a bit first, but since you are prepared to begin, I have no objection."

WITHERSPOON said: "Now that is very wise of you, young man," in a voice that was slightly patronizing. "I shall use an Anglican reformed version of an old service from the seventeenth century. Do you know it?"

Hero replied: "I know some dozen services of exorcism, but it doesn't very much matter which one you use, as long as the heart is pure and the purpose sincere. Otherwise it is likely to prove dangerous."

The vicar looked at Hero sharply.

Lord Paradine said: "Yes, yes, of

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Too many ghosts

continued from previous page

course. Could you hold off just a sec., padre? Enid, this is Alexander Hero."

One by one, Paradine introduced Hero to the family and to the country club guests. When the introductions had been finished and there was a momentary buzz of conversation, Sir Richard's embarrassment revealed its source as he murmured *sotto voce*: "Sorry about this, Hero, it was rather sprung on me. When the vicar heard you were engaged, he insisted upon an immediate. . . ."

Hero asked: "Who told him I had been engaged?"

Sir Richard dropped his voice still lower: "Cousin Freddie. He can always be counted upon to muddle matters." And then he added: "I don't suppose you hold with this sort of thing?"

Hero said: "I don't mind personally. But it has been known occasionally to bring matters to a head, and often with unpleasant consequences. . . ."

The Rev. Harry Witherspoon, the ancient leather-bound volume open in one hand, the asperger in the other, now moved to the centre of the hall, knelt and began: "Oh Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who didst one time consign that fugitive and fallen tyrant into everlasting hellfire. . . ."

Hero, standing beside Sir Richard, took rapid note of those who, like himself and Lockerie, remained standing, and who did not. Lord Paradine remained upon his feet, an expression of flushed exasperation upon his face, but Lady Paradine was kneeling, as was her sister-in-law Isobel. The latter suddenly appeared to Hero as exquisitely and strikingly medieval. There was nobility in the poise of the silvery head, and a quiet tenderness of expression about the mouth. She was giving herself to the moment.

MRS. WILSON was kneeling next to Beth, but her eyes were roving. Hero was not surprised to see Susan Marshall remaining erect with a kind of fierce and unbending pride that was yet not antagonistic. Whatever her beliefs, it seemed apparent from her bearing that she was prepared to yield the spirit but not the body. She was well in control of Susan Marshall, Hero thought.

Mark Paradine's red hair flamed at her side. His gaze was rapt, but it was turned not upon the praying cleric, but upon Susan. *Well!* thought Hero, *young Paradine is head over heels in love with the American girl. And so, with slightly more reserve, is the handsome baronet.*

The twelve-year-old child Noreen was kneeling beside her mother, Mrs. Spendley-Carter, but Hero caught her stealing a look up at him out of the corners of her eyes, and had to control an impulse to wink at her. He was sure that had he done so, she would have burst into a shrill giggle.

All of the men rebelliously kept to their feet, with the exception of Alfred Jellicot.

Hero turned his head, to be caught fully by the gaze of Major Wilson's wife; she had been staring at him frankly and unabashedly. Their eyes met, and she sent him a message that was unmistakable. He disentangled himself from the avid look and found himself watching Susan Marshall again. He said to himself, *Careful, Hero, that way lies trouble.*

The Rev. Harry Witherspoon thundered: "I adjure thee, therefore, thou ancient serpent, thou profligate dragon, in the Name of the Spotless Lamb who walked upon the asp and the basilisk, depart from this house, quake and fly afar as we call upon the name of the Lord before Whom hell trembles."

He sprinkled holy water in the four cardinal directions. As he did so, from somewhere above-stairs there sounded the most appalling crash, followed by a series of piercing screams, each one louder than the next.

Then flying footsteps were heard. All of those present stood frozen with horror, with the exception of Hero, who murmured to himself: "Nicely on schedule—but what?"

PREJUDICE—3

Women have fewer vices than men; but they have stronger prejudices.

J. V. C. Smith

His question was answered by the figure of an upstairs maid in uniform, apron and cap, who came hurtling through the doors of the great hall in a state of shock and terror. But the sight of the assembly seemed to restore her a little. The next scream died upon her lips, and she ran forward, ignoring Lady Paradine, straight to Isobel, clutching at her and crying: "Oh, my God, I'm so frightened. It's in the young lady's room—Miss Susan's."

Isobel rose to her feet again, calm, controlled, unmoved. She said: "Come now, Lucy, pull yourself together. What is it?"

The girl made an effort, but her eyes were still panic-stricken. She gasped: "I went into the young lady's room, and. . . ." The memory of what she had seen apparently overcame her and she suddenly sank to her knees with her face in her hands.

Hero snapped "Come on!" to Sir Richard Lockerie, picked up Mark Paradine with a nod of his head, and cried to Susan Marshall: "Miss Marshall, will you lead us please to your room at once, quickly!"

Lithely Susan took the stairs three at a time. At the top she raced down the corridor to the left until she came to a closed door, the one which had been slammed shut by the maid in her fright. She paused before it.

"All of you stand back," ordered Hero. He turned the knob of the door, pushed it open and went in.

From behind him rang a high-pitched cry, a mixture of hysteria and revulsion. "Satanas! Satanas!" It was wrung from the throat of the vicar, who was looking through the door, the colour drained from his face.

INSIDE the door, the room was a shambles. At first sight it looked as though a tornado had struck it and whirled the contents about almost beyond recognition. Covers and bedclothes had been ripped from the four-poster bed, and the floor was a mass of feminine belongings—disorderly heaps of frocks, dresses, tennis clothes, evening gowns, mixed up with nightgowns, negligées, underthings and tangles of nylon stockings.

Chests of drawers, dressers and dressing-tables were in an equal state of chaos—the drawers open, make-up and powder spilled out on the glass top, bottles upset, clothes brushes and other toilet articles littered about. Mirrors had been turned to the wall; so had pictures, which hung askew, their backs showing.

Susan Marshall stood in the doorway for a moment next to the distressed and frightened clergyman; tears of anger were glistening in her eyes.

"Oh," she cried, "it isn't funny. It isn't at all funny. It's horrid!"

She went to the dresser. But Hero said sharply: "Wait, if you please, Miss Marshall—and everyone. Do not touch anything."

Hero knew now what had struck him as peculiar and even orderly in the disorderly chaos of the room, and he came to a decision. He whispered something to Sir Richard, who in turn did the same to Lord Paradine. His words apparently had a calming effect, and Paradine then turned to the crowd now assembled at the door and said: "We're all very sorry this has happened, but it is rather a private matter. . . ."

There was nothing for the guests to do but leave with as good grace as they could muster, and with obvious reluctance, leaving inside only the members of the Paradine family, together with Susan Marshall, Sir Richard and Hero.

Paradine remarked testily: "Well, they've gone now. What is it?"

Hero said: "I will ask you all to look at this room again—its condition and the position of the various things in it—but with different eyes."

Paradine said: "Eh? What do you mean, 'with different eyes'? I should think it was as plain as the nose on your face what's happened. Some thief has been in here and turned everything out, and if I find him——"

"I'll break his neck," Mark Paradine concluded for him, and looked as though he would.

Beth said: "I feel so very ashamed—in our house, Susan."

But Susan was narrowly watching Hero's face for the true explanation

NEXT WEEK

ONE OUT OF THE HAT

a seasonal frolic

by Charles Matthews

WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM ?

PATRICK MOORE, famous astronomer of TV, tackles the problem baffling men down the ages: was it a star, comet—or miracle?

Raffles and Little Bo-Peep by BARRY PEROWNE

that she felt was about to come: and Sir Richard said: "If you have any theories, Hero. . . ."

"It isn't a theory," Hero said, "it's a fact. Lord Paradine just used the phrase 'turned out'. The phrase is correct, only the context is wrong. There has not been a search for anything. It is not so much the belongings; it is Miss Marshall herself who is being literally turned out of her room."

Into the shocked silence that followed this statement there broke a gasp of recognition from Susan. "Oh," she cried. "Why, of course! I can see it now—all the bedclothes removed, everything taken out of the drawers."

Sir Richard turned to Hero. "Is it? Are you sure about this?"

Hero replied: "I'm sorry. Yes, it is. Does anyone here know why any of you would wish Miss Marshall to leave, and who might take this means of making the point?"

"What?" Lord Paradine roared. "Are you suggesting . . . ? Why, that's utterly ridiculous!"

"I think you can safely forget that idea, Hero," Sir Richard said, and he was angry, too.

"Or amongst the guests?" Hero continued imperturbably.

LADY PARADINE suddenly spoke up. "But of course there are some quite dreadful people amongst them."

"They keep Paradine Hall going." The quiet, almost toneless remark came from Isobel.

"But I don't know any of them—really," Susan said.

"I thought your speciality was ghosts, old boy," said Cousin Freddie.

Hero said smoothly: "I was coming to that next. To the knowledge of anyone here, is there any reason why any entity or supernormal being of any kind should concentrate its malevolence upon Miss Marshall?"

"You forget," remarked Isobel Paradine, inclining her regal head towards Hero, "that there have been occurrences in my room, too."

"I have not forgotten," Hero replied.

To his surprise there came a sudden outburst from Beth. "The harp has played," she cried, "we all heard it, and the nun was seen. It's all a part of the legend, isn't it? And there's some awful kind of rhyme: *When the harp strings quiver and you hear the ghostly air, let the Paradines beware! Let the Paradines beware!*" She burst into tears again suddenly, and cried: "Oh, Susan dear, I'm so frightened—I don't want anything to happen to you!"

Alexander Hero looked at her. The third ear within him had heard a strange note, and he was asking himself: *Now that's odd—do you or don't you?*

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NEXT WEEK: *Hero receives a warning—"someone will die"*

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Triumph in the west

continued from page 13

are entitled to dictate how their forces are to be employed. We shall be forced into carrying out an invasion of Southern France, but I am not certain that this need cripple Alexander's power to finish crushing Kesselring. I am just off now to a 10 p.m. meeting with Winston to try and arrive at a final decision.

"Later. Just back from meeting with Winston. I thought at first we might have trouble with him: he looked like wanting to fight the President. However, in the end we got him to agree with our outlook, which is: 'All right, if you insist on being damned fools, sooner than fall out with you, which would be fatal, we shall be damned fools with you and we shall see that we perform the rôle of damned fools damned well!'

"July 1. C.O.S. met at 10.30 a.m. to discuss P.M.'s proposed wire to President deciding to accept their decision to do Anvil.

"Sunday, July 2. Wire came back from President agreeing and asking for a directive to be sent to Wilson. Sent wire to Alex yesterday to come home.

"July 3. Americans started attack from Cherbourg southward. Flying-bombs becoming more serious danger and likely to encroach on our war effort if we are not careful.

"July 4. A long C.O.S. meeting attended by Duncan Sandys and Cherwell at which we discussed measures for defeating flying-bombs.

"July 6. At 10 p.m. we had a meeting with Winston which lasted till 2 a.m. He was very tired as a result of his speech in the House concerning the flying-bombs. As a result he was ready to take offence at anything. He began to abuse Monty because operations were not going faster and apparently Eisenhower had said that he was over-cautious.

"I flared up and asked him if he could not trust his generals for five minutes instead of belittling them. He said that he never did such a thing. I then reminded him that in front of a large gathering of ministers he had torn Alexander to pieces for lack of imagination and leadership in continually attacking at Cassino. He was furious with me."

After the war, Alanbrooke wrote:

"I remember that evening as if it was yesterday. Winston had driven me to the verge of losing my temper in several meetings when he had poured abuse on Alex's head in front of ministers. Although I had explained to him the whole of the topography of the front on a raised model, he kept on attacking Alex's plans of attack, his lack of ideas, his continuing to bump his head on the same spot, the incurring of casualties for no results, his lack of vision and many more failings.

"When the whole process was starting again this evening with reference to Monty, although there were only three ministers it was more than I could stand. I think what infuriated me most was that there had not been a single word of approval or gratitude for the excellent work Monty had done. I lost my temper and started one of the heaviest thunderstorms that we had had.

"July 9. A quiet but wet Sunday at home. Received news that Monty had taken Caen.

"July 19. A nasty disturbed night with about a dozen flying-bombs in the vicinity. The nearest landed about 150 yards away at about 3 a.m. It displaced the window frame of our sitting-room and blew a lot of glass out of the surrounding houses.

"Got up intending to fly to see Monty, but could not make early start I had intended owing to heavy fog. Meanwhile at 9.30 P.M. sent for me. I found him in bed in a new blue and gold dressing-gown, but in an unholy rage. What was Monty doing dictating to him; he had every right to visit France when he wanted? Who was Monty to stop him? As Defence Minister he had full right to visit any front he wanted! Haig had always allowed him in the last war when he was Minister of Munitions. He would not stand it. He would make it a matter of confidence, etc., etc.

"I found it hard to discover what the trouble was, or to put in a word edgeways. At last I discovered that Eisenhower had told him that Monty has asked not to have any visitors during the next few days and the P.M. had argued out that Monty had aimed this restriction mainly at him. Nothing that I could say would make him believe otherwise. . . .

"I assured him that I could put the whole matter right in five minutes with Monty and left him. I then went to C.O.S. meeting till 11.30 when I left for Northolt; there Tedder had very kindly lent me his plane in which I had an excellent crossing to an improvised landing-strip near Monty's H.Q. We arrived about 2 p.m.

"I had a long talk with Monty. First I put matter of P.M.'s visit right by getting Monty to write a note to P.M. telling him he did not know that he wanted to come and inviting him. Then

PREJUDICE—4

A prejudice is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

Ambrose Bierce

"I thought we'd economize this year and do our own Christmas cards . . ."

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

"It *was* fifteen pounds you reckoned we'd save by doing it yourself, wasn't it, dear?"

warned him of tendency of P.M. to listen to suggestions that Monty played for safety and was not prepared to take risks. . . . I think these backgrounds may assist Monty. I found him in grand form and delighted with his success east of Caen.

"Left at 6.30 p.m.; back to Northolt aerodrome by 7.30 p.m. Drove round to leave Monty's letter with the P.M.; could not see him as he was asleep.

"Got back to flat to find a letter from Secretary of State showing that P.M. had been unbearable all day on the question of Monty trying to dictate to him. He (P.M.) had finally drafted a letter which he wanted S. of S. to send to Eisenhower notifying him of the intended visit of the P.M. and of the fact that he would not see Monty. S. of S. called me up on the telephone. I told him what I had done and while we were talking he received a message from the P.M. stating that the letter to Eisenhower was not to be sent.

"Shortly afterwards P.M. called me up and said that he was delighted with Monty's letter and felt rather ashamed of himself for all he had said."

"Winston had never been very fond of Monty," Alanbrooke subsequently commented. "When things went well he put up with him; when they did not he at once became 'your Monty.'

Monty's letter

"When I saw Monty I asked him what he was doing stopping the P.M. from coming to France. He assured me that he was doing nothing of the kind. I then told him that whether he was or not did not matter, but the important thing was that the P.M. was certain he was.

"Monty then told me that Stimson had visited Bradley's H.Q. and had remained with him so long that orders for an attack could not be got out and the attack had to be postponed for twenty-four hours. Monty had therefore asked Ike to stop visitors for the present. This message had been passed on to the P.M. by Ike.

"I therefore told Monty to go into his caravan and to write a letter to the P.M. on the following lines: 'The C.I.G.S. has just informed me that you are under the impression that I am trying to stop you from coming to France. This is the very last thing I should do and I will always welcome your visits. I shall always have a caravan available for you and, if my duties prevent me from coming round with you personally, I shall always have a staff officer at your disposal. I only hope you will pay me a visit soon.'

"The letter worked like magic. I think Winston had forgotten that I had gone to France when he called up and said: 'I have had such a nice letter from Monty; he wants me to come to France whenever I like. He will meet me himself when he can; if not he will have a staff officer at my disposal and he will also always have a caravan at my disposal.'

"July 23. My birthday, at which I became sixty-one and almost felt like seventy-one, as I started a heavy cold.

"July 25. Weather at last a little better and two new offensives started in Normandy."

By the evening of the twenty-sixth the way for Patton's armour was open. Yet this was the moment chosen by the Supreme Commander, still in England, to complain of his Commander-in-Chief to the Prime Minister. A week earlier Eisenhower had been reported by his naval aide-de-camp as being "blue as indigo over Monty's slowdown"; Montgomery, he declared, always stopped "to draw up his administrative tail." During a flying visit to Normandy on July 25 and 26 he was up and down the line, according to his Chief of Staff, "like a football-coach exhorting everyone to aggressive action"; what he wanted, Bedell Smith wrote, was "an all-out co-ordinated attack by the entire Allied Line which would at last put our forces in decisive motion."

"From one or two things Ike said yesterday when he was here," Montgomery reported to Brooke, "public opinion in America is asking why the American casualties are higher than the British and why they have captured so many more prisoners."

"July 27. Dinner with P.M., Ike and Bedell Smith, intended to bring me closer to Ike and to assist in easy running between Ike and Monty. It did a lot of good. I have offered to go over with Ike if necessary to assist him in handling Monty.

"There is no doubt that Ike is all out to do all he can to maintain the best relations between British and Americans. But it is equally clear that Ike knows nothing about strategy.

"August 1. August—the month when wars usually start. I wonder whether this one may look like finishing it instead?

"August 4. Today Eisenhower has asked for the famous South of France landing to be cancelled and that same force to be transferred to Brittany instead. That is actually what we had suggested to the Americans and they had turned it down. It is far the best solution.

"August 10. Winston started tonight by air for Italy."

By this time the climax was at hand of the great drama set in train by the strategy agreed at Casablanca, Quebec and Teheran. On August 8 Patton's armour entered Le Mans; on the previous day the British and Canadians, having captured the dominating height of Mont Pinçon, opened an all-out offensive towards Falaise. By the fourteenth they were only four miles from the town.

Life is quieter

"Monday, August 14. Back to War Office by 9.30 a.m. News very good and every chance of rounding off some Boches on Monty's front. Cabinet at 5.30 p.m. run by Attlee and finished in half the time. Tonight landings in Southern France near Toulon and St. Raphaël are to take place.

"August 15. Life has a quiet and peaceful atmosphere about it now that Winston is gone. Everything gets done twice as quickly."

The C.I.G.S.'s flight on August 19 to join the Prime Minister and consult with Wilson and Alexander in Italy coincided with the closing of the Falaise pocket. By that day 50,000 Germans had made good their escape towards the lower Seine crossings, but 30,000 remained in the Allies' cages, including three divisional commanders and one corps commander, and another 15,000 lay dead on the battlefield. A day earlier Von Kluge—the second supreme commander in the West to be dismissed by Hitler in seven weeks—committed suicide, after sending the latter a letter urging him to end the war. On the night of August 19 the French Resistance rose against the garrison of Paris.

"August 25. By 11 a.m. we were landing at Northolt having flown under 7,000 miles in the six days we had been away. The news of German decay on all fronts continues to be almost unbelievable."

Brooke at this time was expecting the Germans to collapse. But on August 22, with the Axis tottering to its fall and victory within the Allies' grasp, General Eisenhower, backed by the American Chiefs of Staff and the whole weight of American public opinion, announced his intention of taking operational command of the Liberation Armies.

"The Americans now feel," Brooke had written in his letter to Wilson, "that they possess the major forces at sea, on land and in the air, in addition to all the vast financial and industrial advantages they have had from the start. They look upon themselves no longer as apprentices in war but as full-blown professionals. As a result they are determined to have an ever-increasing share in running the war."

"August 29. Winston returned from Italy this evening with a temperature of 104 deg.

"August 30. Apparently Winston has again got a minor attack of pneumonia; not much, and they think they can get him right to start by sea in the Queen Mary for Quebec next week."

The time had now come for finally resolving what part Britain was to play in the assault on Japan. And decision could only be reached in consultation with the American President and Chiefs of Staff, whose forces were now only 1,300 miles from Tokyo.

On Roosevelt's return in mid-August from the Pacific, where he had been planning an invasion of the Philippines with MacArthur and his admirals, Churchill had proposed a conference at Quebec in September. Owing to Stalin having rejected an earlier suggestion of a three-power meeting in Scotland, the conference, like its predecessor of a year earlier, had to be confined to the Western Powers.

"September 1. Winston is improving rapidly and it looks as if we should all be starting for Quebec on Monday evening.

"September 11. Quebec. We arrived here at 10 a.m. Finally dinner at the Citadel by the Athlones for Winston and Roosevelt. All the rank, fashion and clergy of Quebec, plus all American Chiefs of Staff. . . ."

The conference, however, proved easier than Brooke had expected.

When the British and American Chiefs of Staff met, their armies had been crowned with continuous success for many weeks on every front.

Alanbrooke wrote in his diary:

"September 12. Today we started work and, after a Chiefs of Staff meeting at 10 a.m., we had our first Combined C.O.S. meeting. It went off most satisfactorily and we found ourselves in complete agreement with American Chiefs of Staff. They were prepared to leave American divisions in Italy till Alex had finished his offensive.

Smiles from P.M.

"At 6.30 p.m. we had to go up to the Citadel for a meeting with the P.M. He was all smiles and friendliness for a change. How quickly he changes! An April day's moods would be put to shame by him.

"September 13. At 11.30 we had a long plenary meeting, which consisted of a long statement by the P.M. giving his views as to how the war should be run."

The decisions reached by the conference for once satisfied both sides. Though, at Brooke's instance, they stressed "the advantages of a northern line of approach into Germany as opposed to the southern," the Combined Chiefs of Staff accepted Eisenhower's proposals for a broad advance instead of the single concentrated thrust on the Ruhr urged by Montgomery.

Alanbrooke's diary continues:

"September 15. Started with a C.O.S. meeting at 9 a.m., followed by a combined meeting at 10 a.m. There we succeeded in winding up the work of this meeting and produced our final Report to President and Prime Minister.

"September 16. The last day of the conference. At 11 a.m. we had our final combined meeting."

During the week following the conclusion of the Quebec Conference and while the British Chiefs of Staff were recrossing the Atlantic, the consequences first became felt of Eisenhower's assumption of the command of the ground forces in N.W. Europe.

At the beginning of September, when

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 22

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

If the bus averages 12 m.p.h. it does the one mile from the bus stop to the station in five minutes. When Mike sets out ten minutes early, he arrives at the bus stop ten minutes before the bus, but since he gets to the station at the same time as the bus, he must take fifteen minutes to walk the mile. His speed is therefore 4 m.p.h.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day. (Goldsmith).
Clue Down: The storming of the Bastille.
Clues Across: (A) Trefoil; (B) Harwich; (C) Ember; (D) Switch; (E) Twofold; (F) Orpington; (G) Ratchet; (H) Mustang; (I) Indre; (J) Nuncio; (K) Gossamer; (L) Ottawa; (M) Fey; (N) Tamasha; (O) Hymnal; (P) Etui; (Q) Brevet; (R) Abattoir; (S) Suffix; (T) Telegraph; (U) Iota; (V) Lancelot; (W) Lurcher; (X) Edacity.

Which year? *See page 16*

The year was 1948

Quality Street

for Christmas !

Toffees

Chocolates

Mackintosh's
Quality Street

Triumph in the west

continued from page 31

Montgomery had once more urged his chief to halt his armies on every front save one and allocate the whole of his available petrol, transport and ammunition to a single "powerful and full-blooded thrust" of forty divisions, either in the north under himself or in the centre under Bradley, the Germans had only twenty-five disorganized and under-strength divisions left in the west. According to their Commander-in-Chief they had fewer guns and tanks to hold the two hundred crucial miles between the Scheldt estuary and Luxembourg than had been available to defend Britain after Dunkirk.

Yet, as a result of the Supreme Commander's attempt to maintain from overstrained supply-lines the momentum of his advance along the entire Western Approaches to the Reich, Hitler and the German High Command were given the time they needed to halt the northern drive towards the Ruhr—a target far more vulnerable and accessible than any comparable prize elsewhere and whose capture at that moment might have ended the war.

On September 5—the day the British Chiefs of Staff sailed for Quebec—in conformity with a Shaef plan for an advance on both sides of the Ardennes made before the sudden enemy collapse in Normandy, Eisenhower sent a signal to Montgomery and Bradley that, as the bulk of the German Army had been destroyed, he proposed to exploit his success by simultaneously breaking the Siegfried Line, crossing the Rhine on a wide front and seizing both the Saar and the Ruhr.

Behind the lines

At the time of despatching this telegram—part of which took four days to reach Montgomery owing to the lack of facilities for exercising operational command from Eisenhower's personal headquarters — the Supreme Commander was isolated with a sprained knee, in a remote Normandy village nearly four hundred miles from the battle-line.

While Montgomery and Bradley both pleaded for priority of supply—the one to strike through Holland across the Lower Rhine at the Ruhr and Hanover plain, the other to drive through the hillier Saar and Palatinate towards Frankfurt and Central Germany—Eisenhower, inclining first one way, then another, remained what Brooke had seen him to be, an arbiter balancing the requirements of competing allies and subordinates rather than a master of the field making the decisive choice which alone could turn the "option of difficulties" that is war into victory.

The opportunity for delivering the *coup de grâce* by rushing the Ruhr, if it ever existed, lasted only for those few days of early September.

Not till the twelfth, in response to the Combined Chiefs of Staff's Quebec Directive recommending precedence for the northern thrust, did the Supreme Commander agree to allocate sufficient additional transport and petrol to 21 Army Group to make even this belated project possible. And he still continued in private to stigmatize Montgomery's demand for complete priority of supply as "crazy."

It was a case of too little too late. Not till September 22, after calling a conference of his senior commanders at Brussels, did the Supreme Commander agree to the general northward shift of the main American effort that he had refused for four crucial weeks.

By then the battle for the Rhine at Arnhem had been lost, and fourteen German divisions were opposing the British Second Army.

© *Sir Arthur Bryant, 1959*

© *Extracts from the Diaries and Autobiographical Notes*

NEXT WEEK: Churchill and I visit Stalin in Moscow

EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 6)

by Leslie Stokes

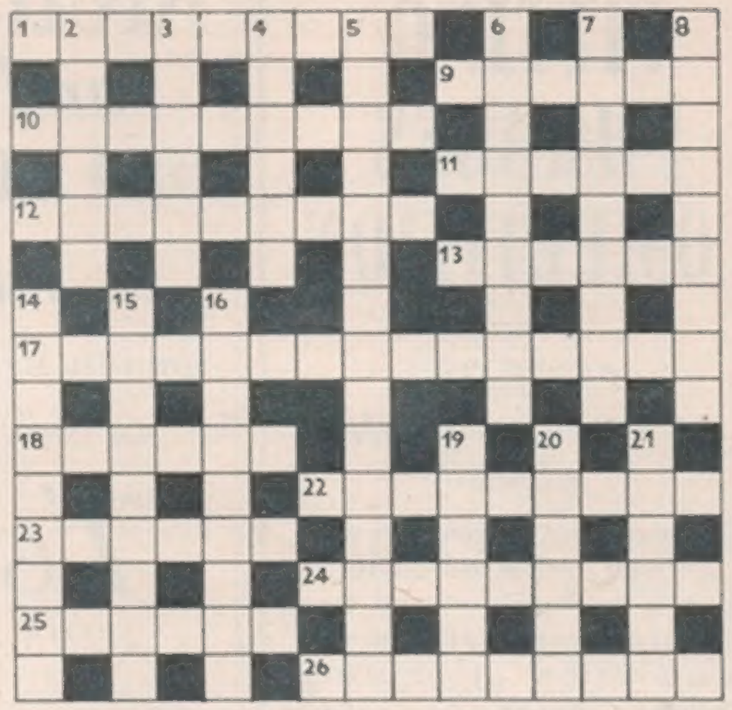
A prize of a one-guinea Book Token will be given for each of the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 6" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, December 22. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.

ACROSS

1. Outlaw the paid writer? (9)
9. Found in the remains of a burnt-out depot as here shown. (6)
10. A great egg, anyhow, is what it amounts to. (9)
11. Where the army doctor's milk comes from? (6)
12. Concerning personality? By no means. (3, 4, 2)
13. One of lean and hungry look drops us for a senna producer. (6)
17. Lively pig county? (15)
18. A survey, as the Royal Engineer sees it. (6)
22. Saw another way of putting it. (9)
23. Gangster who thinks he's a big shot. (6)
24. Green at the traffic lights. Obviously not up to the mark. (3, 6)
25. One-eyed quest in a proverbially hopeless search. (6)
26. This empire finally fell in 1453. (9)

DOWN

2. Lordly coat, loosely. (6)
3. Contention if rest is disturbed. (6)
4. Area where sapper and U.S. serviceman get on. (6)
5. Odd to keep such striking equipment there; crazy in fact. (4, 2, 3, 6)
6. O, such a lot is destroyed by it. (9)
7. Bitter, in a manner of speaking. (9)
8. They cover most museum exhibits. (4-5)
14. A tedious fellow embraces me with spirit, going native withal. (9)
15. Hyena's rôle after the lions' feast. (9)
16. Sad, Hugo wrote less about this. (9)
19. A hundred, a hundred and one, a . . . wattle. (6)
20. I'll wager about it for a place. (6)
21. Proceeds. (6)



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 2

ACROSS: 1, *No half measures.* 8, *Saves.* 9, *Dark horse.* 11, *Initials.* 12, *Walrus.* 14, *Georgia.* 15, *Modicum.* 17, *Matinee.* 19, *Entered.* 22, *Stolid.* 24, *Civil law.* 26, *Catchpole.* 27, *Twins.* 28, *A perfect fright.*

DOWN: 2, *Have it out.* 3, *Lasting.* 4, *Middle Ages.* 5, *Awry.* 6, *Unheard.* 7, *Error.* 8, 17, *Swing music.* 10, 21, *Epsom Downs.* 13, *Impediment.* 16, *Carolling.* 18, *Neither.* 20, *Twister.* 23, *On tap.* 25, *Lone.*

THE WINNERS WERE

Mr. A. F. Knapman, Crapstone, Yelverton, Devon.
Mrs. T. M. Noyce, 61 Cornwall Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Mr. F. Goodwin, 39 Park Street Village, St. Albans, Herts.

It's a give-away when you blush

continued from page 11

men among them, four never blush. But of fifty women, only eight never blush. Twelve blush very frequently. The rest blush sometimes."

The reasons they give for blushing vary from making a *faux pas* to hearing dirty stories, from speaking in public to "having remarks made about one's figure," from giving or receiving presents to listening to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, from "hearing parents speak of one's childhood" to feeling overpowered by another personality.

One girl student said she blushes when eating in a restaurant, when she thinks people have seen a ladder in her stocking, when she has to comb her hair or get into her coat in public, when she hears someone singing badly, when she goes out with a man (especially if he is over-attentive and kisses her) and when she stands in a bus or meets new people.

She blushed while she revealed the things that make her blush.

They dislike jazz

A research psychologist, Dr. Joseph Sandler, investigated two hundred men and women to find out what sort of people blush. The results indicate that those who blush easily tend to dislike jazz or swing music—"I think because such music is an invitation to be uninhibited." They are also rather fickle and may be slow to feel affectionate towards others.

Blushers are tidy people, however. They are polite, sober and careful about personal appearances.

According to the survey, they dislike scenes, are shy about tipping, worry unduly about their health and do not care to "let themselves go" in such forms of self-expression as singing and dancing.

Blushers tend to be more suspicious than non-blushers. But not necessarily so. For Sandler stresses that these are average tendencies only, and similar features may be found in people who do not blush. The normal blush is a sign of interest and reception, he says, and shows a readiness to be courted.

But people who connect blushing with innocence may be surprised. Not long ago, the New York representative of a company of British exporters hired a new typist. "She seems a sweet child," he told a colleague over lunch. "I was captivated by the delicate manner in which she blushed while answering my questions."

Returning to the office, he passed the girl's desk and happened to notice what she had been reading during her lunch-break.

The book was banned as pornographic in several of the States.

Psychologists agree that blushing is incompatible with complete innocence or modesty. They endorse what men of perception have been saying for ages: "Innocence is not accustomed to blush" (Molière); "Whoso blushes is guilty already" (Rousseau). "A Virtue, but at second-hand; they blush because they understand" (Swift).

Physically, a blush is the widening of small blood vessels, usually in the face or neck, caused by impulses from the brain which are transmitted through the nervous system.

The psychological phenomenon that causes the brain to send out such impulses in the first place can be understood fully only in the light of the life history of the individual blusher. But research on blushing, and the findings of psychiatrists, show that the overriding emotion in blushers of both sexes is shame.

At the moment of the blush the blusher feels inferior or shameful, and, ironically, it is the inner struggle to prevent himself being seen to be shameful that sparks-off the betraying blush.

Of course, people who blush easily are neither inferior nor shameful. They are people of sensitivity whose self-esteem is constantly threatened by what, to most people, are everyday events. Psychologists say that blushers frequently show an anxious dependence on the good opinion of others, a compulsive desire to please, and fear of attracting attention.

Childhood memory

One person may blush when praised because he remembers how, in childhood, he resorted to "cooking" the results of a school test, or telling a white lie to gain praise. Another child, reproved for "showing off," may be seized with a sense of shame whenever he wants to shine later in life. So he blushes.

A woman told a psychiatrist that she blushed whenever anyone looked at her. The psychiatrist traced her trouble to a time in childhood when she dropped a towel while drying herself on the beach. A party of bathers nearby laughed at her, and the sense of shame she felt at the time was reborn throughout her life whenever she found herself being looked at—or even imagined she was being looked at.

A small boy who was teased because he mistakenly wandered into the girls' cloakroom at school grew up to blush when women spoke to him.

"Blushing occurs most often and most typically," says an expert, "among people in whom conflict is acute between morality on the one hand and, on the other, impulses related to aggressiveness, sexuality and the desire to be noticed." Like dress, it expresses opposing feelings of pleasure in display and anxiety about the consequences.

At its worst, the process may develop until it becomes an obsession and the blusher is filled with a morbid fear of blushing. This fear, which is known as ereuthophobia—from a Greek word applied to the bloom of fruit as well as

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BRINGS YOU THE FORMULA FOR

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

COMING out of a butcher's shop my wife had no option but to pass under a painter's ladder, placed over the door. Paint was splashed on her coat, staining it extensively. The butcher said that the painter was working under contract with him, and he was not covered by any insurance. Cleaners are unable to remove the paint. Does the liability lie with the painter or the butcher, or both? And if the case were taken to court, what chance would there be of getting legal aid?—H. T., Ripley, Derbyshire.

● The painter is liable, as he had a duty to prevent passers-by from being splashed by paint.

Your wife should sue the painter for the current value of the coat. If she succeeds she will doubtless be awarded costs of the action.

EMERGENCY CALLS

FIRE engines, ambulances and police cars all seem to have the right to cross at stop signs and traffic lights if adequate warning is given. But are they, in fact, breaking the traffic regulations?—Scunthorpe, Lincs.

● Fire engines and ambulances are not subject to speed limits if their observance would hinder the vehicle in carrying out emergency duties.

Neither have a legal right to disregard traffic lights or signs, but there appears to be an unwritten understanding that they can ignore them in emergency.

STUCK WITH THE JOB

I HAVE the voluntary job of collecting water rates from fellow allotment holders for the local council. Now I am leaving the area, but nobody else will take the job. I am responsible for the year's total. What shall I do?"—E. W., Castleford, Yorks.

● You should give notice to end the agreement to the council—but until its final date you will still be responsible for the collection.

PLAYGROUND FIND

MY son found a ten shilling note in his school playground and handed it to a master, who said that he would make inquiries in the school hall the next morning. Four days later he had not done so. Who is entitled to the money?—Mrs. H., Liverpool.

● Your son acted correctly. If the master cannot find the rightful owner, and there is no school regulation covering the disposal of lost property, your son could reclaim it.

However, if the real owner turned up later the note would have to be returned to him, no matter who had it.

WHO PAYS FOR LAGGING?

RECENTLY my landlord installed a new bathroom in our house, for which I now pay extra rent. None of the pipes is lagged and now that the winter is here I am worried in case they burst. Who should pay the cost of the lagging?—Mrs. M. H., Poole, Dorset.

● You have to keep the pipes safe from frost. If you neglect to take reasonable precautions you could be held liable for damage caused by freezing.

ENTER THE LANDLORD

HAS the landlord of a furnished flat any right to enter it without telling the tenant or asking his permission? Does he break any agreement by doing this?—J. M. B., Newcastle.

● Unless your agreement allows the

continued from previous page

blushing—has driven people to suicide.

An attractive thirty-year-old typist from Bloomsbury, London, refused to go to Canada with her husband because "I couldn't stand facing all those new people, and blushing." Her husband went alone, and the marriage was dissolved. She found a new boy friend. But her blushing worried her so much that she would not go for walks or meet his friends. "He became fed up," she said, "so we parted." Many neurotic blushers never marry.

But they can be cured. By getting to the root of each individual problem and explaining it to the blusher, psychiatrists are helping these people to accept themselves as they are, and not as they think they ought to be. Once they can accept the fact that, like everyone else, they have their share of selfishness, greed, lust and hatred, as well as many finer qualities, they are well on the way to getting rid of their fear of blushing.

At this stage their field of social contact is broadened, at the suggestion of the psychiatrist, to a second person, and soon a third. Then they are introduced to a group of people all sharing the same kind of emotional disturbance.

The Institute of Social Psychiatry runs six "blushers' clubs." Here, blushers and other shy people mix together, discuss their experiences, and discover that such things as talking to strangers or speaking to an audience are not so bad after all.

Prowess at sports or crafts can help to cure blushing. A nice-looking young north country farmer who reached the age of twenty-eight without having kissed a girl bought a racehorse as an antidote to blushing. Training the horse and riding it at point-to-points gave him confidence. He leaped into popularity—and out of his crimson cheeks.

Charles Darwin noted that blushing is not confined only to the face and

landlord to enter the flat he has been committing a trespass by entering it without your consent. One exception would be if he had to enter it to do urgent repairs.

His entry, however, does not necessarily invalidate your agreement, and you will probably still have to give a month's notice if you wish to leave.

TAX ON THE RACKS

MY husband makes toast racks for a hobby and sells them among his friends. If he starts selling them to shopkeepers will he become liable to pay purchase tax?—Mrs. M. M., Kingsteignton, Devon.

● Your husband can make and sell toast racks to the value of £500 in any one year free of purchase tax. If he makes any more than this in a year purchase tax must be paid on the whole amount.

NO SELLING LIMIT

IF I bought a house as a sitting tenant how long would it be before I could sell it again?—G. B., Heaton Chapel, Stockport.

● Unless the vendor of the house makes it a condition of sale that you shall not re-sell within a stated time, there is nothing to prevent you from selling it when you wish.

WHY THE INTEREST?

INTEREST on my bank account comes to only £9 and yet it is set against my income for tax. I always thought the first £15 was free from tax.—Mrs. L. H. J., Tewkesbury, Glos.

● The £15 exemption applies only to post office and trustee savings bank accounts and not to interest from an ordinary bank.

FREE AND EASY FREIGHTERS

WHO can give me details of holiday travel on freighters?—Mrs. A. W., London, N.15.

● You can write to Informal Travels, Ltd., 45 Queen's Way, London, W.2, who will be able to give you information on this kind of travel.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER . . .

RECENTLY I have seen advertised a garden hedge called "Rosa Canina" which was stated to be of rapid growth and yet requiring cutting only twice a year. It was said to be impenetrable and bore blooms in early summer. Would this be suitable for putting round a small garden where excessive root formation would not be desirable?—F. G. P., Ware, Herts.

● This is the common dog rose that grows wild in all parts of Britain. It is a somewhat variable species, and no doubt the type offered for hedge-making is useful for that purpose.

Thorns make it impenetrable when established, and cutting twice a year should be sufficient.

Suckers develop freely as a rule, making the hedge thick at the base, if the soil is fertile.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Porch light:** Add a note of welcome to a dark porch or driveway by installing a porch light. New on the market is the Raydyot "Argyle" lamp, styled after the early carriage lamp design. It is mounted on a wrought-iron bracket and can easily be fitted to any wall or surface. The "Argyle" is finished in black and polished brass and is lacquered to prevent tarnishing and to make it waterproof. The price is £6. By James Neale & Sons, Ltd., Graham Street, Birmingham, 1.

▶ **Hot water supply booklet:** If you are a freeholder or leaseholder (with an unexpired term of at least 15 years) of an old house, there are certain standard amenities for which you can obtain half the cost of installation under the House Purchase and Housing Act. If a hot-water supply is one of the amenities which your house lacks, you will find useful information in the booklet "Good News for Householders and Leaseholders" published by the Gas Council. This booklet gives details of the different kinds of gas-operated systems of heating water. Copies of this booklet may be obtained from Area Gas Board Showrooms everywhere.

▶ **Safety tip:** Don't drive your stove as though it were a steam engine in an attempt to get hot water quickly. This kind of treatment may cause firebricks to crack and bars to warp, resulting in the spillage of fuel and consequent fire danger. It is always best to run your stove evenly.

▶ **Removing cocoa stains:** Hold the stained cloth over a basin and pour boiling water through it. If some time has elapsed before the stain has been treated, then rub a little borax on the material before treating with water.

Borax will dissolve the casein in the milk which is what makes a cocoa stain go stiff. After this treatment the cloth should be washed in the normal manner.

▶ **Snap hanger:** A metal wall clothes hook which folds up neatly when out of use is now marketed in white, blue, yellow, red, green, grey or black enamel. Fixed to the wall by means of one screw only, it is very suitable for kitchens, wardrobes, cloakrooms, etc. Price 2s. 3d. each. Made by The Birmingham Guild, Ltd., Grosvenor Street, West Birmingham, 16.

neck. It can spread in blotchy distribution over the shoulders and other parts of the body, especially if the abdomen is exposed. Dr. Charles Goodhart, of the University Museum of Zoology, Cambridge, suggests that somewhere along the line of human evolution blushing was developed as part of the mating process.

Neurotic blushing is not only the blush of shame but also the flush of anger. Goodhart believes that the flushing of an angry white face could be associated with sexual fighting behaviour.

Moreover, he concludes that the earliest ancestors of the human race must have been light-skinned, for otherwise the skin flushing mechanism would have been invisible and therefore ineffectual in evolution. The fact that negroes go through the physical process of blushing suggests that they have evolved from fair-skinned men.

The blushes of prehistoric woman may have been part of her mating display. "A maiden's blushes when her modesty is outraged by the demands of a would-be lover do not always indicate that she hopes he will desist," says Goodhart.

Since a lively girl may well like to add to her charms by a judicious blush, is it possible that blushing is sometimes voluntary? The experts say yes. Some people can make themselves blush by deliberately thinking of certain things.

In fact, the deliberate blush may be *the* blush of the future. Normal, involuntary blushing, though still extremely common, has decreased in evidence during the present century. More "natural" educational methods and a less inhibited general attitude to life could make crimson cheeks a sign of the past.

In the works of Shakespeare there are at least eighty-four references to blushing. It is barely mentioned in beat generation literature. THE END

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